

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

German Popular Stories, translated from the Kinder und Haus-Märchen, collected by M. M. GRIMM. Vol. II. 12mo. pp. 258. London, 1826. Robins and Co.

THIS volume, like its precursor, comes recommended to us by designs from Cruikshank's humorous pencil. These embellishments, which, with the vignette on the title, are ten in number, display a grotesque fancy, perfectly in keeping with the subjects they are intended to illustrate. Among the most successful are those of the Young Giant, who is carrying the tailor nestled among the forked branches of a tree, while he supposes that the rogue is aiding him to bear the ponderous load;—and the Frog-Bride travelling in her pumpkin, drawn by six water rats. We would, however, hint to Mr. Cruikshank, that his designs would sometimes be not at all the worse for a little more attention to drawing. To suppose that carelessness in this respect is indispensable to subjects of this description, is nearly the same as to imagine that a joke would be all the better for being related with bad grammar. Carelessness is not freedom;—neither is inaccuracy spirit; and in the cut to the tale of the Elfin Grove, he really seems to have depended more on the imagination of the reader than on his own pencil. Although labour would ill become such sportive triflings of the fancy, clumsiness can hardly be deemed a recommendation to them.

The tales in this volume belong more exclusively to the class of fairy stories, than those in the former, which exhibited more of the traditionary lore peculiar to Germany; and which, in our opinion, displayed greater ingenuity in their construction. At the end of the book are notes containing remarks on each tale, its origin, &c.; but we are somewhat surprised to find that the translator has not alluded to previous versions of some of the stories. Both Pee-Wit and the Elfin Grove appeared in the Popular Tales of the Northern Nations, and in reviewing that work, in our volume for 1823, we extracted the former of these, which is there entitled Kibitz, entire. And we should rather give the preference to that version, as more humorous in the style of its narrative. If the present translator really was not aware that this tale had already appeared in an English dress, it is a strange instance of incuriosity, as the title of the work would, it might be thought, naturally have led him to look into it, while employed on a subject so similar. There are likewise three other tales,—the Four Clever Brothers, the Robber Bridegroom, and Roland and May-bird—which are nearly the same as three which ap-

peared in the Mirror about a twelvemonth since, and which were translated from a Danish collection of similar stories, by M. Wintner, entitled *Danske Folke Eventyr*. The last mentioned of these, however, differs considerably from the corresponding one in that periodical, as the writer has here combined together three separate narratives. We may add, also, that the story of the Nose has been admirably versified by Oehlenschläger, in his dramatized fairy-tale—*Fiskeren*, (*Eventyret om Prindsessen med de lange Næse*); and as related by the Danish poet, it is full of piquant pleasantry. Indeed, we must say that, unless these tales be considered merely as *Kinder Märchen*, their style must be allowed to be too bald and jejune, and not quite adapted to attract older readers.

As a tolerably fair specimen, we shall now extract Cherry, or the Frog-Bride:—

‘CHERRY, OR THE FROG-BRIDE.

‘There was once a king who had three sons. Not far from his kingdom lived an old woman, who had an only daughter, called Cherry. The king sent his sons out to see the world, that they might learn the ways of foreign lands, and get wisdom and skill in ruling the kingdom that they were one day to have for their own. But the old woman lived at peace at home with her daughter, who was called Cherry because she liked cherries better than any other kind of food, and would eat scarcely any thing else. Now her poor old mother had no garden, and no money to buy cherries every day for her daughter; and at last there was no other plan left but to go to a neighbouring nunnery-garden, and beg the finest she could get of the nuns; for she dared not let her daughter go out by herself, as she was very pretty, and she feared some mischance might befall her. Cherry's taste was, however, very well known; and, as it happened that the abbess was as fond of cherries as she was, it was soon found out where all the best fruit went; and the holy mother was not a little angry at missing some of her stock, and finding whither it had gone.

‘The princes, while wandering on, came one day to the town where Cherry and her mother lived, and, as they passed along the street, saw the fair maiden standing at the window, combing her long and beautiful locks of hair. Then each of the three fell deeply in love with her, and began to say how much he longed to have her for his wife! Scarcely had the wish been spoken, when all drew their swords, and a dreadful battle began; the fight lasted long, and their rage grew hotter and hotter, when at last the abbess, hearing the uproar, came to the gate. Finding that her neighbour was the cause,

her old spite against her broke forth at once, and in her rage she wished Cherry turned into an ugly frog, and sitting in the water under the bridge at the world's end. No sooner said than done; and poor Cherry became a frog, and vanished out of their sight. The princes had now nothing to fight for; so, sheathing their swords again, they shook hand as brothers, and went on towards their father's home.

‘The old king, meanwhile, found that he grew weak and ill fitted for the business of reigning: so he thought of giving up his kingdom; but to whom should it be? This was a point that his fatherly heart could not settle; for he loved all his sons alike. “My dear children,” said he, “I grow old and weak, and should like to give up my kingdom; but I cannot make up my mind which of you to choose for my heir, for I love you all three; and besides, I should wish to give my people the cleverest and best of you for their king. However, I will give you three trials, and the one who wins the prize shall have the kingdom. The first is to seek me out one hundred ells of cloth, so fine that I can draw it through my golden ring.” The sons said they would do their best, and set out on the search.

‘The two eldest brothers took with them many followers, and coaches and horses of all sorts, to bring home all the beautiful cloths which they should find; but the youngest went alone by himself. They soon came to where the roads branched off into several ways; two ran through smiling meadows, with smooth paths and shady groves, but the third looked dreary and dirty, and went over barren wastes. The two eldest chose the pleasant ways; and the youngest took his leave, and whistled along over the dreary road. Whenever fine linen was to be seen, the two elder brothers bought it, and bought so much that their coaches and horses bent under their burthen. The youngest, on the other hand, journeyed on many a weary day, and found not a place where he could buy even one piece of cloth that was at all fine and good. His heart sunk beneath him, and every mile he grew more and more heavy and sorrowful. At last he came to a bridge over a stream, and there he sat himself down to rest and sigh over his bad luck, when an ugly-looking frog popped its head out of the water, and asked, with a voice that had not at all a harsh sound to his ears, what was the matter. The prince said, in a pet, “Silly frog! thou canst not help me.” “Who told you so?” said the frog; “tell me what ails you.” After a while the prince opened the whole story, and told why his father had sent him out. “I will help you,” said the

frog; so it jumped back into the stream, and soon came back, dragging a small piece of linen not bigger than one's hand, and by no means the cleanest in the world in its look. However, there it was, and the prince was told to take it away with him. He had no great liking for such a dirty rag; but still there was something in the frog's speech that pleased him much, and he thought to himself, "It can do no harm—it is better than nothing;" so he picked it up, put it in his pocket, and thanked the frog, who dived down again, panting and quite tired, as it seemed, with its work. The further he went, the heavier he found, to his great joy, the pocket grow; and so he turned himself homewards, trusting greatly in his good luck.

He reached home nearly about the same time that his brothers came up, with their horses and coaches all heavily laden. Then the old king was very glad to see his children again, and pulled the ring off his finger to try who had done the best; but in all the stock which the two eldest had brought, there was not one piece a tenth part of which would go through the ring. At this they were greatly abashed; for they had made a laugh of their brother, who came home, as they thought, empty-handed. But how great was their anger, when they saw him pull from his pocket a piece that, for softness, beauty, and whiteness, was a thousand times better than any thing that was ever before seen! It was so fine that it passed with ease through the ring; indeed, two such pieces would readily have gone in together. The father embraced the lucky youth, told his servants to throw the coarse linen into the sea, and said to his children, "Now you must set about the second task which I am to set you;—bring me home a little dog, so small that it will lie in a nut-shell."

His sons were not a little frightened at such a task; but they all longed for the crown, and made up their minds to go and try their hands; and so, after a few days, they set out once more on their travels. At the crossways they parted as before, and the youngest chose his old dreary rugged road with all the bright hopes that his former good luck gave him. Scarcely had he sat himself down again at the bridge-foot, when his old friend the frog jumped out, set itself beside him, and, as before, opened its big wide mouth, and croaked out, "What is the matter?" The prince had this time no doubt of the frog's power, and therefore told what he wanted. "It shall be done for you," said the frog; and, springing into the stream, it soon brought up a hazel-nut, laid it at his feet, and told him to take it home to his father, and crack it gently, and then see what would happen. The prince went his way, very well pleased, and the frog, tired with its task, jumped back into the water.

His brothers had reached home first, and brought with them a great many very pretty little dogs. The old king, willing to help them all he could, sent for a large walnut-shell, and tried it with every one of the little dogs; but one stuck fast with the hind-foot out, and another with the head, and a third with the fore-foot, and a fourth with its tail,

—in short, some one way, and some another; but none were at all likely to sit easily in this new kind of kennel. When all had been tried, the youngest made his father a dutiful bow, and gave him the hazel-nut, begging him to crack it very carefully: the moment this was done, out ran a beautiful little white dog upon the king's hand, wagged its tail, fondled his new master, and soon turned about and barked at the other little beasts in the most graceful manner, to the delight of the whole court. The joy of every one was great; the old king again embraced his lucky son, told his people to drown all the other dogs in the sea, and said to his children, "Dear sons! your weightiest tasks are now over; listen to my last wish; whoever brings home the fairest lady shall be at once the heir to my crown."

The prize was so tempting, and the chance so fair to all, that none made any doubts about setting to work, each in his own way, to try and be the winner. The youngest was not in such good spirits as he was the last time; he thought to himself, "The old frog has been able to do a great deal for me; but all its power must be nothing to me now, for where should it find me a fair maiden, still less a fairer maiden than was ever seen at my father's court? The swamps where it lives have no living things in them but toads, snakes, and such vermin." Meantime he went on, and sighed as he sat down again with a heavy heart by the bridge. "Ah frog!" said he, "this time thou canst do me no good." "Never mind," croaked the frog; "only tell me what is the matter now." Then the prince told his old friend what trouble had now come upon him. "Go thy ways home," said the frog; the fair maiden will follow hard after; but take care and do not laugh at whatever may happen!" This said, it sprang as before into the water, and was soon out of sight. The prince still sighed on, for he trusted very little this time to the frog's word; but he had not set many steps towards home before he heard a noise behind him, and, looking round, saw six large water-rats dragging along a large pumpkin like a coach, full trot. On the box sat an old fat toad as coachman, and behind stood two little frogs as footmen, and two fine mice with stately whiskers ran before as outriders; within sat his old friend the frog, rather misshapen and unseemly, to be sure, but still with somewhat of a graceful air as it bowed to him in passing. Much too deeply wrapt in thought as to his chance of finding the fair lady whom he was seeking, to take any heed of the strange scene before him, the prince scarcely looked at it, and had still less mind to laugh. The coach passed on a little way, and soon turned a corner that hid it from his sight; but how astonished was he, on turning the corner himself, to find a handsome coach and six black horses standing there, with a coachman in gay livery, and within, the most beautiful lady he had ever seen, whom he soon knew to be the fair Cherry, for whom his heart had so long ago panted! As he came up, the servants opened the coach-door, and he was allowed to seat himself by the beautiful lady.

"They soon came to his father's city, where his brothers also came, with trains of fair ladies; but as soon as Cherry was seen, all the court gave her, with one voice, the crown of beauty. The delighted father embraced his son, and named him the heir to his crown, and ordered all the other ladies to be thrown, like the little dogs, into the sea, and drowned. Then the prince married Cherry, and lived long and happily with her, and indeed lives with her still—if he be not dead."

We may remark, that the morality of these fictions is somewhat questionable. We have here a king, who appears to be no great wiseacre, and who certainly has recourse to a very strange method to settle his doubts as to which of his hopeful sons best deserved to be his heirs. The first trial of their sagacity would have been more appropriate, had the young princes been intended for linen-drappers. Then we find a lady abbess, who is not only a sad glutton, but an abominable witch. We hope that this is not intended as an allegory on the church—the Roman Catholic of course, which likes to keep all its fruits to itself, excommunicating whoever is so sacrilegious as to touch any of them. Could we really imagine that this was the case, we must admit that this is a scandalous tale, fit neither for the nursery nor the parlour. Neither does it mend as it proceeds—the conclusion of it setting us an example of Turkish, rather than of poetical justice: for it is not sufficient that Cherry is declared the fairest, but all the other ladies are ordered to be drowned, "with as little remorse," as Falstaff says, "as a bitch's blind puppies, nine o' the litter!"—And for what? why, merely for being less handsome.—What an admirable lesson for the infant mind! Be it remarked, too, that in most fairy tales, a due respect for wealth and rank is inculcated; and the heroine is generally married to some prince; thus early impressing on the mind the wisdom of ambition. Now, really, whatever was the ingenuity of former times in this species of composition, we cannot say much in commendation of their system of moral principles.

Third Report of the Committee of the Society for the Mitigation and gradual Abolition of Slavery throughout the British Dominions. With Notes and an Appendix. 8vo. pp. 35. London, 1826. Hatchard and Son.

EIGHT hundred thousand human beings are in slavery in the British colonies alone—in colonies belonging to that country where the moment a slave sets his foot, the authority of his master ceases, and he is free. Abhorrent as we consider slavery in its best estate, we are, however, far from thinking it so wretched a condition as it is often represented by the advocates for unqualified abolition. It is, certainly, a frightful anomaly in the constitution of a free country like Great Britain, and is a reproach to humanity; yet we confess we do not see how it can at once be got rid of without creating other evils. His Majesty's ministers are aware of this, and Mr. Canning, who we believe to be a sincere friend to slave emancipation, truly observed, in a speech, in the House of Commons, in

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May, 1823, that the full blaze of freedom would be too much for the Negroes, if it burst at once upon them, and that they ought to be prepared for it gradually, by education and a real but progressive amelioration of their condition. Such was the object of the resolutions moved by Mr. Canning on the occasion to which we have alluded; these resolutions have, however, been evaded in the colonies, with very few exceptions.

The Report of the Society for the Mitigation and gradual Abolition of Slavery, now before us, commences with noticing the state of slavery in Berbice, where we get a nearer view of its present state than in any other colony. In Berbice, and that even under a mild fiscal or magistrate, we find that oppression is not only tolerated, but to complain against it is a punishable offence. It is in the evidence of the parliamentary returns to parliament, that—

‘Four Negroes, belonging to the Hon. Mr. Katz, complained to the fiscal of harsh usage by the manager. On the mere denial of the party accused, the fiscal punished three of the complainants, with seventy-five lashes, and one with fifty.—Again: three Negroes belonging to General Murray, late governor of Demerara, complained to the fiscal of overwork and want of food and severity of treatment. Two of them were selected by the fiscal to receive the torture of seventy-five lashes each.’

The Report next notices a report by a Mr. Fortunatus Dwaris, a slave proprietor in Jamaica, which, of course, endeavours to make the most of a bad cause. In the Report of the Society, however, it is well observed, that—

‘Some idea of the wretched insecurity of the tenure, by which slaves enjoy even the spot to which the Report tells us they are attached, together with all the dearest ties and charities of life, may be obtained from the case of a Mr. Padmore, who was driven to the necessity (a necessity of common occurrence in the West Indies) of selling his estate to satisfy his creditors. “The slaves,” it is stated, “he could have sold separately, (detached from the estate,) at a much higher rate; but they came to him in a body, with most distressing cries, and threw themselves on the ground before him; when a spokesman, appointed by the rest, fell down at his feet, and implored him, in all their names, not to separate them, both from himself and the estate. They were ready to follow him to the other end of the island; but if he could not retain them about himself, if his necessities compelled him to sell them, they besought him not to part friends and relations, husbands and wives, parents and children; not to tear them from their houses and gardens; but to let them go with the land. He could not resist such an appeal, and he lost at least forty pounds a-head by it.” This occurrence says much, it is true, for the ruined individual who had the courage and the feeling to make this sacrifice;—but what does it say for the system? for that state of society, that state of law, which can for one moment tolerate and sanction such enormities?’

As, however, our sentiments on slavery and the slave trade have been often and freely expressed in *The Literary Chronicle*, we shall not dwell on the subject, or on the very satisfactory answer to Mr. Dwaris's view of Negro slavery. After noticing its present state, the Report says,—

‘And now, after the statement which has just been given, combined with all our previous information, are we not entitled to call upon the people of England to come forward to strengthen the hands of the government, in the righteous work of carrying into effect the hitherto abortive resolutions of parliament on the subject of colonial slavery? We call upon them, therefore, to assemble in every county, and city, and town, and even village of the United Kingdom, in order to testify their abhorrence of this impious system, and to implore of the legislature, respectfully indeed, but most earnestly, to relieve them from its guilt and its burden. Let no man in this free and happy country, where the voice of the very meanest has its appropriate weight in parliament, imagine that he can discharge himself from the performance of this solemn duty; or—should his application to parliament fail of its effect—from adopting every other expedient in his power, such as abstinence from slave grown sugar, the promotion of cultivation by free labour, &c. for wiping away this foul stain from the national character. And we would address this call to men of all political parties in the state. Those of every party who have sympathized with the victims of despotism in Spain, in Italy, and in Greece, have now an opportunity of combining to deliver eight hundred and thirty thousand of their own fellow-subjects from a still more grievous despotism. The friends of the government are bound to see its orders respected, and to repress that insubordinate and contumelious spirit in the colonists which would set those orders at naught. The members of the opposition are bound by all their professed principles, and by all the recollections which are associated with the venerable name of Fox, to unite heart and hand in undoing the fetters of our own fellow-subjects.’

Hebrew Tales; selected and translated from the Writings of the Ancient Hebrew Sages. To which is prefixed, an Essay on the Uninspired Literature of the Hebrews. By HYMAN HURWITZ, Author of *Vindiciæ Hebraicæ*. 12mo. pp. 211. Morrison and Watt. London, 1826.

WHILE translations are making daily from the living languages, and the literature of the dead languages is carefully cultivated, at least the Greek and Latin, Hebrew is almost wholly neglected, except so far as relates to the Old Testament. To the author of the *Vindiciæ Hebraicæ* we are now, however, indebted, for a very interesting volume of Tales, which are translated from the writings of the ancient Hebrews, who flourished during the first five centuries after the destruction of Jerusalem. With the exception of three moral tales, published by Mr. Coleridge some years ago, in *The Friend*, no similar attempt to make the public acquainted

with Hebrew literature has been made; and Mr. Hurwitz may, we think, safely congratulate himself on his success. The work consists of tales, aphorisms, &c.—all translated from the original sources: some of them are of a serious, and others of a humorous cast; but they are all strictly moral. The tales are preceded by an able, but somewhat elaborate essay, on the Hebrew language. We subjoin a few extracts from the tales, &c.:—

‘*The Honour due to whatever is truly useful.*—Rabbi Huna once asked his son Raba, why he did not attend the lectures of Rabbi Chisda? “Because,” replied the son, “he only treats of temporal and worldly concerns.” “What,” said the father, “he occupies himself with that which is necessary for the preservation of human beings”—and this you call worldly affairs! Trust me, this is among the most estimable of studies.”

‘*Milton's “Dark from excess of Light,”—anticipated and applied by R. Joshua, in answer to a demand of the Emperor Trajan.*—“You teach,” said the Emperor Trajan to Rabbi Joshua, “that your God is every where, and boast that he resides amongst your nation. I should like to see him.” “God's presence is indeed every where,” replied Joshua, “but he cannot be seen; no mortal eye can behold his glory.” The emperor insisted. “Well,” said Joshua, “suppose we try to look first at one of his ambassadors?” The emperor consented. The rabbi took him in the open air at noon day, and bid him look at the sun in its meridian splendour. “I cannot,” said Trajan, “the light dazzles me.” “Thou art unable,” said Joshua, “to endure the light of one of his creatures, and canst thou expect to behold the resplendent glory of the Creator? Would not such a sight annihilate you?”

‘*Sufferings of the Jews under Hadrian.*—As a further specimen of Hadrian's cruelty, the Medrash relates the following:—

‘A poor Israelite happening to pass the emperor, greeted him with great humility and respect. “Who art thou?” demanded the emperor. The man answered that he was a poor Jew. “How dare a miserable Jew have the impertinence to salute the emperor?” exclaimed the tyrant; and ordered his head to be struck off. Another Jew, hearing of this act of cruelty, and being obliged to pass the same way, thought it best not to notice the emperor. But Hadrian perceiving him, called him, and demanded who he was? “An unfortunate Jew,” was the answer. “And dare a miserable Jew have the insolence to pass the emperor without saluting him,” exclaimed the tyrant; and ordered his head to be struck off. “Great king,” said one of the courtiers, who happened to be present, “your conduct appears to me very strange; one person you doom to death for saluting you, and the other for not saluting you!” “Hold thy peace,” said the tyrant, “Hadrian doth not want to be taught how to distress his enemies.”

The following are under the class of ‘*Fæcetiae*’:—

* ‘*Chisda's Discourse, of which the young man spoke so lightly, happened to be on medicinal subjects.*

'Wit, like Salt, a little goes a great Way; or, the Jest of a Hebrew Child—"There, my lad," said an Athenian once to a little Hebrew boy, by way of joke, "here is a *pruta**, bring me something for it, of which I may eat enough, leave some for my host, and carry some home to my family." The witty boy went and brought him salt. "Salt," exclaimed the Athenian, "I did not tell thee to bring salt!" "Nay," replied the boy, archly, "Didst thou not say, bring me of what I may eat, leave, and take some home? Verily, of this thou mayst eat, leave some behind, and still have plenty to carry home."

'The Word "Us" includes the Hearer as well as the Speaker.—An Athenian once said to a Hebrew lad, "Here, my boy, is some money; bring us some figs and grapes." The boy went and purchased the fruit, and giving half of it to the stranger, kept the other half for himself. "Is it customary here for a messenger to take half of what he fetches?" said the Athenian, rather surprised. "No," answered the boy; "but our custom is to speak what we mean, and to do as we are desired." "But," rejoined the stranger, "I did not desire thee to take half the fruit?" "Oh!" rejoined the boy, shrewdly, "what else couldst thou mean by saying *bring us*? Does not that word include the hearer as well as the speaker?" The Athenian smiled, and was contented.

'The Tailor and the Broken Mortar; or, the Jest retaliated.—An Athenian, going along the streets of Jerusalem, found a broken iron mortar. Wishing to exhibit his wit, he entered a tailor's shop, and, addressing himself to the master, said, "Master, be so kind and put a patch upon this mortar." "I will," said the Hebrew, "as soon as thou wilt make me a few threads of this material"—giving him a handful of sand.

'Witty Retort of a Hebrew Child—"Fetch me some cheese and eggs," said an Athenian once to a little boy: the boy did as he was desired. "Now, my boy," said the stranger, "tell me which of these cheeses were made of the milk of white goats, and which of the milk of black goats?" "Thou art older than I, and more experienced," replied the shrewd little Hebrew; "tell me first which of these eggs came from white, and which from black hens?"

The Naval Sketch-Book; or, The Service Afloat and Ashore: with Characteristic Reminiscences, &c. &c.. By an OFFICER OF RANK. 2 vols. post 8vo. London, 1826. Colburn.

WE do not think it at all necessary to inquire what rank the officer holds who furnishes the Naval Sketch Book; it is sufficient to know that he is well acquainted with the service, and that he describes the adventures of a life in the British navy with great spirit and accuracy; the work presents a genuine picture of that honest-hearted but eccentric character—an English sailor. Some of the papers are of a grave character, and relate to naval tactics, gunnery, coast-blockade, &c.; others are critical, and the author

* A small coin, of less value than a farthing.

appears to us rather illiberal in his remarks on contemporary writers on naval affairs; to these we may probably turn, but, at present, we shall content ourselves with selecting materials of a lighter character, from these very amusing volumes. Our readers need not be told of the attempt recently made to convert our men-of-war into conventicles, and induce honest Jack to exchange his 'bacco-box for a hymn-book. We do not mean to say that a sailor would fight the worse for being religious, but we should be sorry to see the ingenuousness of the British tars, exchanged for hypocrisy and cant; and such would be the case were the efforts of the Bethel Union folks to be successful. The author of the Sketch-Book goes much farther; and states that the crew of one of our ships was reduced to an insubordinate, seditious, and blasphemous state, by the canting of a hypocritical schoolmaster, who officiated as chaplain on board. He then relates an admirable story, told by a sailor, about a 'psalm-singing ship as he sarved in.' This we subjoin:—

'Well, you know a'ter I ships in the William and Mary, West Ingeeman, one o' your reglar Liverpool runners, as was waiting for a wind in the Cove of Cork, I goes ashore one night, for a bit of a spree, to one of your "holy-ground" hops; and just as I'd opened the ball with a blowen, and tipping the shields in a reel, in comes a larking leaftennant, with five or six lubberly lobsters, rigged out alike in jackets and trowsers. Well, they passes at first, for some of your regular cruisers, no one never suspecting as how they was under false colours, or moreover, a parcel of kidnapping pirates; for the first thing you see the leaftennant does, was to sing out for a lilt of his own, and to foot it away like a regular pinter (a Portsmouth Point dancer). Well, you know, as he was most flush of the dibs at the time, he stands the score, and sows up myself and the piper; when after a little palaver or so, he sends me clean out of the room a reeling in earnest. This was a job for the jollies to take me in tow, and lug me along them thundering cliffs to the beach; for, though I was fast by the nose, I was yawning about like a ship what had broke from sheer in a tidesway. Well, as soon as we reaches the boat, they bundles me in like a quarter of beef, and a'ter we fetches the frigate, they whips me right out like another. In course, that night, "I'd too many cloths in the wind" (drunk), to know where I was, but as soon as I came to myself, I diskiver'd my fate was fixed. Well, then I was a pressed man in the morn; jammed like Jackson—hard up in a clench, and never a knife to cut the seasing; so I makes up my mind for the worst, and bad was the best, for I'm blow'd but the frigate was more like a methody chapel afloat nor one of his majesty's ships. There was the captain would puzzle the devil himself to know what he was; he was sometimes a sanctificator, and sometimes one of your smart 'uns—a chap that could sarve out a sarment a Sunday, and four or five dozen a Monday; and then, perhaps for a couple of months, when a freak of the skip-

per went off, and fit of the parson com'd on, there was a spell with the cat for the cruce. Well, howsomever, you know, he makes as they call it, a parcel of convects (converts) aboard, aye, as good as one third of the crew, 'sides the second leaftennant, his coxen and clerk. There was these psalm-singing beggars with their hair as straight as a die, and their ways, aye, as crooked as a snake or a stay! going from mess to mess on the 'twixt decks, sarving out your tracts as they tarm 'em, your die-away speeches you know, your "Repentance made Easy," and the like of such lubberly trash. Watch or no watch, a fellow'd never no rest for body or soul, these jarney-men parsons so bothere'd them both. I remember one day, as I was taking a caulk (a sleep) on my chest in the berth, who should come forward, you know, but the Captain's coxen. "Well," says he, giving me a shake o'the shoulder, "Sam," says he, "rise, my man, 'tis time afore this you'd a call."—"Why d—n it," says I, "'tis my watch below."—"Watch below," says he, turning up his eyes like a lady in love, "ah! Sam, 'tis time you should think of your watch above." Well, I'm blow'd if I knew what the fellow was at, so I lets him go on for awhile, when "Sam," says he, looking me straight in the face, "you're sure to be damned for your sins."—"The devil I am, who told you?" says I.—"I tells you," says he, "unless you gets (let's see what was the word) unless you gets—you gets—I have him—you gets Re—Rejenny-rated," says he.—"What ship's that? Get rated what?" says I. "Borned all over again," says he, "What, tarn a fellow into *twicelaid*," (old rope remanufactured) says I.—"Aye, and tarn from your sins," says he. So to shorten the matter, says I, "I tell you what it is, Mr. Coxen, every man to his station—the cook to the fore-sheet. You may be a very good hand at the helm, but a precious poor pilot for heaven; you're out of your latitude now; keep within soundings," says I, "and talk like a sensible man, when its comfort I wants, 'tis not to the like of such fellows as you that I'll seek; I'll look to the log-book aloft, so brace up and all aft, and no more of your preaching," says I. Well, I silenced his fire, for he never can * near me again. But this was a trifle to some of their tricks. Why bless your hearts they used to practise the psalms in the store-rooms, and join regular coal-box (chorus) as they sung 'em aloud on a Sunday. It's as true as I'm here, but this was'nt the worst of it, neither; for all the work fell on the good (hard-working), men aboard: and the topmast might go over the side, afore one of these methody chaps would clap on a clewline. Then, as for coming to box, I'm sartain one half of 'em would have thought it a sin to have stuck to their guns. They were even too lazy to go for their grub. Why, the whole of the ship's company went without breakfast one morn, 'kase a parcel of these straight-haired double faced fellows (the ship's cook as bad as the best on 'em) thought proper to pound the gospel instead of the cocoa. Howsomever, it didn't happen again, though these hipper-crocodile (hypocritical) rigs as they call 'em,

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flew through the frigate like wildfire, till at last she was no better nor a reg'lar built hell afloat. There was the first leaftennant and skippar for ever a snarling, for Billy was blue to the bone, and too much of a man to bear up for a parson. But the skippar and second leaftennant was as thick as three in a bed: what one would say, t'other would swear to; the queerest notions would come into their heads, for they were a pair of the most suspicious men as ever was born. I shall never forget one day, when the second leaftennant had charge o' the watch; I goes aft, just to ax for a pot o' water to make a mess o' ge-ograpy (burnt biscuit boiled in water) afore I went to relieve the weather-wheel, when he takes it into his head I was drunk. There he was, for all the world like one of your figures on the rudder head of a Dutchman's dogger stuck on a carronade slide, with a track in one hand, and a trumpet in t'other. Well, howsomever, says I, taking off my hat at the time as I nears him—Pot o' water, i' you please, Sir, says I. Well, there was never no answer, till I axes him louder and louder, three or four times, when all of a sudden, lifting his eyes, what were staring clean out of his head, from the book he was reading, and grinning his teeth like a laughing ienah, he shies the trumpet slap in my face, singing out like a new one, "wiper, away—wiper, away; the wicked spirit's within you." May I never see light, if I tasted a drop o' my grog that day, for I gave the whole of my allowance to one of the topmen for making me a duck pair of mustering trowsers. No, not all I could say, could make him believe I was sober, so he sings out, you know, for the master-tarms and orders me both legs in limbo for contempt as he calls it. Well there I was, hard and fast, for a fortnight, ground tackle down with a cable each way, though 'twas hard, to be sure, an innocent fellow should be shoved into irons just for the freaks of a sanctificator. Howsomever, as there was eight or ten more of us locked by the legs, the duty looked shy in the ship, for, as Pat says, all the best hands on board were fast by the feet. Well, 'twas all very well till we comes into port, and the day was fixed for sarving out slops (punishment). The hands, at seven-bells, was turned up, as usual, when, just as pill-garlic, with the rest o' the prisoners, was ready for "preachy or floggy," and the captain about to muster my name, the second leaftennant all of a sudden starts for'ard, and says to the captain. "Now do you hear 'em disciples of Satan? Now, do you hear 'em?" though there was'nt as much as a whisper to be heard at the time fore and aft. Well, you know, the captain sees there was som'et amiss, so the hands were piped down, and the punishment put off, for the man was as mad as any chap in St. Luke's. Well, about two or three morns a'ier this, just as t' e decks were dried up, and hammocks all stowed in the netting, up he comes, rigged o't to the nines, in white silk stockings, breeks, and buckles in his shoes, all ready to go ashore to a ball as he said, but it was a ball of a different mould what he meant; for just as the hands were turned up, up top

gallant yards and every one on deck as would go; down he flies to the gun-room, seizes a pistol, and blows out his brains, and though when alive he'd never a laugh on his phiz, would you believe it, when dead there was a grin on his face, as much as to say he'd been mocking us all as well as his Maker. There's a precious end for a sanctificator.'

This is an extremely well-drawn sketch, and though perhaps a little extravagant, has much truth in it. Independent of the very lively sketches in these volumes, the author relates many amusing anecdotes, illustrative of the manners and character of British sailors. The following is one:—

'An unsuspecting tar of this complexion was observed, a short time since, at two, p.m. reeling out of one of the unhallowed purlieus of Drury Lane. He had no sooner brought up in smooth water, than, choosing a snug birth, as he supposed out of observation, between two buttresses of the piazza, he began overhauling his traps, first turning out the pockets of his trowsers; both were alike empty, which induced him to turn his quid, and ruminate for a moment. His 'bacco-box, jacket, and waistcoat pockets underwent a similarly fruitless survey; the very lining of his hat was rummaged—still no effects! Here one might have read in his rueful countenance the full conviction that he was hard-up on a lee shore, and breakers a-head. As a last hope, he proceeded doubtfully to unknot the black Barcelona from around his neck, which he shook carelessly between finger and thumb, until he discovered a flimsy FIVE fall on the kirb-stone.

'Poor Jeffry, the sailor, when left by his captain to starve on a desolate island, never felt more lively joy at perceiving a vessel bearing up to his rescue, than did our hardy tar at discovering those well-known white figures on a black ground, which announced it to be a genuine *Henry Hase* for FIVE POUNDS. Delight brightened every feature, and his past despondency appeared to be succeeded by comparative content, notwithstanding that it was but a few hours since he had ten times the sum; so thrusting it in his 'bacco-box, from which he took a refresher, he slapped his thigh exultingly, and muttered to himself, with a good-humoured laugh, "D—n the lubberly pirates! I've done 'em for once."

The following sketch, entitled a Voice from the Deep, possesses much humour, and we quote it in conclusion:—

"What say you, boys, a caulk or a yarn?" says one of the "quarter-gunners," addressing indiscriminately the watch one night, as soon as they were mustered. "Oh, let's have a yarn, as we've eight hours in," replied one of the top-men. "Bob Bowers will spin us a twist;" and away to the galley a group of eight or ten instantly repaired.

"Well, boys!" says Bowers, "let's see, what'll you have?—one of the *Lee Virginney's*, or the saucy *Gee's*?—Come, I'll give you a saucy *Gee*.—Well, you see, when I sarved in the *Go-along Gee*—Captain D*** (he as was killed at Trafflygar, aboard the

Mars, seventy-four)—ay, and as fine a fellow as ever shipped a swab, or fell on a deck. There warn't a better man a-board from stem to stern. He knew a seaman's duty, and more he never ax'd; and not like half your capering skippers, what expect impossibilities. It went against his grain to seize a grating-up, and he never flogged a man he didn't wince as if he felt the lash himself!—and as for starting,—blow me if he didn't break the boatswain by a court-martial for rope's-ending Tom Cox, the captain o' the fore-top, in Plymouth Sound.—And yet he wasn't a man what courted, as they call it, popularity; for once deserre it, you were sure to buy it; but do your duty like a man, and, d—n it, he'd sink or swim with you!

"He never could abide to hear a man abused:—let's see, was't to the first or second leeftennant he says—no, 'twas the second—and blow me, too, if I doesn't think 'twas the third—it was the third, kase I remember, now, he'd never a civil word for no one. Well, howsomever, you see, says the skipper, mocking the leeftennant, in a sneering manner, one morn, who'd just sung out, "You sir!" you know, to one o' the topmen,—"You sir, I mean," says the skipper, looking straight in the leeftennant's face,—"pray, sir," says he, "how do you like to be you sir'd yourself?"

"Well, the leeftennant shams deafness, you know; but I'm blowed but he heard every word on't—for never a dolphin a-dying tarned more colours nor he did at the time! But avast there a bit—I'm yawing about in my course. Howsomever you know, 'tis but due to the dead, and no more nor his memory deserves:—so here's try again—small helm bo—steady—ey-a.—Well, you know, the *Go-along Gee* was one o' your flash Irish cruisers—the first o' your fir-built frigates—and a heil of a clipper she was! Give her a foot o' the sheet, and she'd go like a witch—but somehow o' nother, she'd bag on a bowline to leeward.* Well, there was a crack set o' ships at the time on the station. Let's see, there was the *Lee Revolutioneer* (the flyer, you know)—then there was the fighting *Feeby*—the dashing *Dry'd*, and one or two more o' your flash-uns; but the *Gee* took the shine on 'em all in reefing and furling.

"Well, there was always a cruiser or two from the station, as went with the West-Indege convoy, as far as Madery or so—to protect 'em, you know, from the French privateers, and to bring back a pipe of the stuff for the admiral; ay, and I take it the old boy must have boused-up his jib-stay pretty often, for many's the pipe we shipped in the *Gee* for him.

"Howsomever, you see, we was ordered to sail with one of these thund'ring convoys, the largest as ever was gathered together in cove—nigh-hand a hundred and eighty or ninety sail.—Let's see, there was the *Polly-infamous*, sixty-four, was our commodore, you

* A judicious remark, though couched in a homely phrase; for it is now proved that fir-built ships, from the difference of their specific gravity, by no means 'hold so good a wind' as our oak "men-of-war."

know; and 'sides we in the *Gee*, there was a ship *Cravatte*, and an eighteen gun-brig. Well, we sailed with the convoy from cove on St. Patrick's day, with a stagging breeze at east-north-east. We was stationed a-starn, to jog-up the dull-uns, and to 'touch 'em up in the bunt' with the buntin.

"Well, a'ter we runs out of one o' your reg'lar easterly gales, what has more lives nor a cat, and going for ever like a blacksmith's bellows, till it blows itself out, we meets with the tail of a westerly hurricane (one o' your sneezers, you know). Four or five of our headmost and leewardmost ships, what tasted the thick on it first, was taken aback; two was dismayed clean by the board: but the *Go-along Gee* was as snug as a duck in a ditch, never straining as much as a rope-yarn aloft, and as tight as a bottle below.

"Well, howsomever, we weathers out like a 'Mudian; though we lost, to be sure, the corporal of marines overboard, as was consulting his ease in the lee-mizen chains. Well, a'ter the wind and sea gets down, the commodore closes the convoy, and sends shipwrights aboard of such ships as needed 'em most. Well, at last we gets into your regular trades, with wind just enough for a gentleman's yacht, or to ruffle the frill of a lady's flounce; and on one o' those nights, as the convoy, you know, was cracking-on every thing low-and-aloft, looking just like a forest afloat—we keeping our station astarn on 'em all—top-sails low'd on the cap—the sea as smooth as Poll Patterson's tongue, and the moon as bright as her eye—shoals of beneties playing under the bows; what should I hear but a voice as was hailing the ship! Well, I never says nothing till I looks well around (for you see I'd the starboard cat-head at the time); so I waits till I hears it again—when sky-larking Dick, who'd the larboard look-out, sneaks over and says, 'Bob, I say Bob-bo, did you never hear nothing just now?' Well, he scarcely axes the question, when we hears hailing again—'Aboard the *G—e*, ahoy—a—.' Well, there was nothing, you know, in sight within hail (for the starnmost ships of the convoy were more nor two miles a-head)—so I'm d—d if Dick and myself wasn't puzzled a bit, for we war'nt just then in old Badgerbag's track.* Well, we looks broad on the bows, and under the bows, and over the bows, and every where round we could look; when the voice now, nearing us fast, and hailing again, we sees something as white as a sheet on the water! Well, I looks at Dick, and Dick looks at me—neither of us never saying nothing, you know, at the time—when looking again, by the light of the moon, 'I'm d—d,' says I, 'if it is'nt the corporal's ghost!'—'I'm d—d if it is'nt,' says Dick, and aft he flies to make the report. Well, I felt summut or so queerish a bit, (though I says nothing to no one, you know) for 'twas only a fortnight afore the corporal and I had a bit of a breeze 'bout taking my pot off the fire. 'Well,' says the voice, 'will you heave us a rope? I don't want a

* 'A name given by Jack to Neptune, when playing tricks on travellers upon first crossing the Line.'

boat!' was the cry. 'D—n it, ghost or no ghost,' says I, 'I'll give you a rope, if it's even to hang you;' so flying, you see, to the chains, I takes up a coil in my fist, and heaves it handsomely into his hands. Well, I was as mum as a monk, till he fixes himself in the bight of a bowling-knot; when, looking down on his phiz, says I, just quietly over my breath, 'Is *that* Corporal Crag?' says I.—'Corporal Hell!' says he, 'why don't you haul up?'—Well, I sings out for some-un to lend us a fist (for Dick was afeard to come forward again—and I'm blow'd but the lef-tenant himself was as shy as the rest of the watch). So I sings out again for assistance; for there was the unfortunate fellow towing alongside like a mace what was soft'ning in soak.—'Will no one lend us a hand?' says I, 'or shall I turn the jolly adrift, and be d—d to you?' Well, this puts two o' the topmen, you see, on their pluck, for both on 'em claps on the rope, and rouses clean into the chains. Now what do you think?—'Why the corporal's ghost to be sure,' says one of the group.—No, nor the sign of a ghost—nor a ghost's mate's minister's mate—nor nothing that looked like a lubberly lobster, dead or alive: but as fine a young fellow as ever I see'd in my days. For, you see, the whole on it is this:—'twas no more nor a chap of an apprentice, whose master had started him that morn; and rather nor stand it again, he takes to his fins and swims like a fish to the *Gee*—mind! the *starnmost* ship of the convoy! though his own was one of the headmost; ay, and running the risk not to fetch us, you know, nor another chance to look to for his life. And why?—why? bekase the ship had a *name*—she was the *Gee!!!*'

The Quarterly Oriental Magazine, Review, and Register. No. VI. April—June, 1825. Calcutta, Thacker and Co. London, Underwoods.

It is a singular instance of the spread of periodical literature, that it has reached our colonies in all the varieties of daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly publications; for it will be seen, by the title at the head of this article, that Calcutta, as well as London, has its quarterly review or magazine. That, in literary talent and typography, there should be much difference between the two is natural; in point, however, of originality, the *Oriental Magazine*, by being confined to works and subjects at so remote a distance, comes upon us more fresh than any critical work in this country can be expected to do.

The *Quarterly Oriental Magazine* forms a critical and historical work. It contains six articles of oriental literature, most of which possess considerable interest; independent of the register of occurrences, history of the war, deaths, marriages, &c. As we intend to return to the number, we shall, for the present, only make a couple of extracts. The first is from a description of Asam, a country situated on the north-east of Bengal, along the Brahmaputra river:—

'The fruits of Asam are mangoes, plain-tains, limes, and oranges of delicious flavour, and panialahs which are thought by

some preferable to plums; there are also co-coa-nuts, areca trees, sugar-cane of various colours, pepper-vines, excellent ginger that is not stringy, and betel. The hill people are barbarians, who go completely naked, and eat dogs, cats, rats, and snakes, and any thing they can get. In some of the mountains, musk-deer are found, and goats and wild fowl, of excellent flavour; a very superior breed of game-cocks is reared in Asam. Gold is met with in the sands of the Brahmaputra: the washing employs ten thousand people, each of whom is to pay to the raja, one tola a year; this gold is not very pure, and is worth but from 8 to 9 rupees, the tolah. The rainy season in Asam lasts eight months, the cold season four, but even they are not without rain. Affections of the lungs, leprosy, fevers, swelled legs, and enlargement of the glands are common. The yearly revenue is estimated at 45 lacs of rupees. The entrance into the country is forbidden to foreigners, and the natives are not allowed to leave it. They come to Gohati, and sell aloe-wood, pepper, Indian spikenard, and silk, in exchange for salt, saltpetre, and sulphur.

'Every previous invasion of Asam had terminated unsuccessfully. Hosein Shah, king of Bengal, entered the country, at the head of twenty thousand men, defeated the raja, and left his son in possession of the province, but the prince, and most of his army, perished of disease, upon the approach of autumn; the Mohammedans who inhabit Asam are said to be descended from the troops of Hosein Shah. Mohammed, the son of Toglek Shah, also invaded Asam, but was destroyed with all his forces.

'The raja takes the title of Swergi, or celestial, pretending that one of his ancestors, who was king over the divinities of Swerga, or the heaven of the Hindus, came down to earth by a golden staircase, and alighting in Asam, was so much delighted with the country, that he settled there, preferring it to Paradise. In consequence of this notion of his heavenly nature, he offers homage to none of the idols worshipped in Asam.

'The Asamese, in general, seem destitute of religion; they do not object to eat food that has been dressed by Mohammedans, and only decline to feed on articles of a fat or greasy nature. The men are robust, healthy, and enterprising; they shave their heads, beards, and whiskers, and wear merely a cloth round their heads, another round their loins, and a sheet on their shoulders. The women, even the wives of the raja, appear in public without a veil. Polygamy is common, and the people sell and exchange their females. Camels, asses, and horses, are very scarce, and asses are highly valued. The sale of elephants is looked upon as a sin. There are many fighting men among them, and they are accustomed to engage in murderous frays on every Monday night.

'There are few buildings of brick or stone, or even of clay, except the gates of Gergaon, and a few of the temples. Rich as well as poor reside in houses constructed of wood or reeds, and mats.

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wards the east. The poor inter the body simply under ground, but the opulent erect sepulchral monuments over their relatives. The wives and slaves of a man of rank are put to death, and buried with him, and food and clothes for several years' consumption, a lamp, and supply of oil, and a live (Mashal-chi or) servant to trim it, as well as money, are put into the grave with the corpse. Khan Khanan ordered ten monuments to be broke open, and found about 90,000 rupees in them. In the tomb of a raja, who had died about ninety years before, a gold pan-dan was discovered, filled with pan-leaves, which were still fresh and green. The Mohammedans settled in Asam observed the usual forms of the faith when not prevented by the natives.

Gergaon has four gates constructed of stone and clay. From each gate to the palace of the raja is a distance of three cos. The city is enclosed with a fence of canes, and raised causeways, so as to keep open communication in the rains, lead from the city. In front of every house is a garden, and some cultivated ground, and it is rather a fortified enclosure of villages than a town. The palace of the raja is on the Dekho which flows through the city, and is lined on either side with houses, and small markets for the sale of betel, there being no daily traffic in food or necessaries, as the inhabitants are accustomed to lay in what they require for a year at once. The raja's palace is surrounded by a causeway defended by an enclosure of bamboos, and a ditch always full of water. The circumference of the inclosure is one cos and four jaribs, and it contains lofty halls and other apartments, some of wood, and some of mats. The Dewan Khanah is six hundred and fifty cubits long, and thirty broad, supported by sixty-six wooden pillars: polished stones, and iron plates, are arranged about the hall, so as to shine like mirrors in the rays of the sun: three thousand carpenters and twelve thousand labourers were employed upon the hall for two years. When the raja takes his seat in the hall, or when he travels, the Dhol and Dand are beaten instead of the Nakara. The Dand is a round plate of bell metal.

Our next extract is an interesting account of some ancient temples at Wone, in Nemaour:—

The ancient town of Wone is situated in the valley of Nemaour, in N. lat. 21° 42' and E. long. 75° 27', and nearly eleven miles westward of Kergund, its modern capital.

The province of Nemaour is that narrow valley through which the Nurbuddah takes its course, between the Vindya and Sathpura ranges of mountains; its western limits being that part of Rath, where these two ranges meet, merely giving vent to the river between, and its eastern boundary being formed by the similar hilly tract of Gondwana and Bhagwana. The Nurbuddah nearly bisects equally this valley, at an average distance of about twenty or twenty-five miles from each mountain range, and throughout the greater part, the country is undulating, or diversified near the banks of the river, by low hills or small ridges. The soil is a rich

vegetable mould, of great fertility, and affording superior pasturage, to which the acknowledged superiority of its black cattle, and more especially its milch cows, is mainly attributed. It is at present much overspread with low jungle, the growth and result of the last twenty-five years of anarchy and depopulation in Central India. But it formerly contained numerous large towns and flourishing villages, sites of many of which now alone remain, and being watered throughout by small rivers and streams, tributary to the Nurbuddah, its agricultural products were originally rich and varied, and these are now rapidly reviving.

Since the total desertion, about fifty years ago, of the ancient capital Bijagerh, a large hill-fort and town situated in the midst of the Sathpura, Kergund had become the principal city of southern Nemaour; but this has, in common with its neighbours, suffered almost total depopulation during the late period of war and extermination; twenty years ago it contained upwards of 5000 houses; at present there are about 800 inhabited, amidst heaps of ruins. It is surrounded by a wall, commenced with stone and carelessly finished with mud. It contains also a small citadel, the residence of the ameldar, or officer in charge of the district. From this city to Wone there is a good cart-road through an open, level, but almost entirely uncultivated, plain.

Wone is situated in a slight hollow. It formerly contained above 2000 houses, now there are but 70 inhabited. This town is at present but a heap of ruins, occupying an area of about three furlongs long and one broad. But the temple remains, which constitute its only interest, are generally about three furlongs distant, with the exception of two in the town itself. The number of the temples is stated as having originally been ninety-nine, with a similar number of reservoirs of water. But of the former, there now remain, in tolerable preservation, but eight large and four small, with sufficient traces of about as many more. Of the latter only seven can be distinctly traced.

Of these edifices, the builders, reigning prince, or period of erection, no authentic written memorials have been discovered; but oral tradition has handed down, to the few wretched surviving inhabitants, a fable respecting their origin and age, which may serve as a specimen of Hindoo tale, and which is somewhat curious—as containing the name of a prince mentioned by El Edrisi, as of the Buddhist sect, and as reigning about the period here assigned. And as the name of this Rajah Balahara occurs in an inscription hereafter noticed in one of the smaller temples, if such be not rather a title than a specific name, it will afford a singular coincidence worthy of further research.

“About 1100 years ago,” says the fable, “Balahara Rajah of the Carnatic was greatly afflicted by a painful distention of the abdomen, arising from a snake engendered there. Having in vain tried every proposed remedy, offering vows to the gods and largesses to holy men, he at length determined on resigning the government into the hands of his

son, and on proceeding on a pilgrimage to Casi, (Benares,) that he might either end his days in that holy place, or, through its sanctity, obtain a deliverance from his enemy. Having seen his son in secure and quiet possession of the throne, he commenced his journey, accompanied by his queen, a large retinue, and a few select troops. Nothing of note occurred during his progress till his arrival at Wone, where he halted for the night, at the small tank near the Northern Pagoda now standing. The queen, kept awake at night by her anxiety for the rajah, saw arise from the hole near which they slept a large snake, which, approaching his majesty, addressed the snake with which he was afflicted; and, in the course of a long conversation, in which an angry altercation arose, she heard, though indistinct from the distances, the following: ‘Is there,’ said the Wone snake, ‘no one near the rajah, who has the sense to rid him of such an infliction as you, by giving him to drink a little fine chunam, and water?’ ‘And is there,’ retorted the other, ‘no one to hint to him that by pouring hot oil in the hole you inhabit, and thus destroying you, he may obtain possession of the enormous treasure lodged there?’

“The following morning, on the Nakara beating for the accustomed march, the queen, much perplexed by her doubts as to the reality of what she had over-night heard and witnessed, requested the rajah to delay one day his further progress, in the hopes that the night might afford her an opportunity of clearing her present perplexity. At night, therefore, the queen concealed herself near the rajah's couch, that should any conversation again arise she might distinctly hear it, whilst being kept actively awake by her anxious watch, she could not be again deceived by the supposition of its being but a dream. As the queen had hoped, the snake as before made its appearance, and approaching the king, a nearly similar conversation took place, in which the former taunts were repeated, and distinctly noticed by her majesty, who thenceforth determined on a trial of the remedy suggested by the same snake. When, therefore, the Nakara beat the ensuing morning, her majesty again requested another day's halt, and on the rajah expressing his surprise and impatience at such a delay, feeling as he did the near approach of his dissolution, which might, he feared, take place before he could reach Casi, the queen obtained her request by relating the events of the two last nights, and begged he would make trial of the remedy. She then mixed some fine chunam and water, and gave it to the rajah, who experienced almost immediate relief, and by a repetition of the remedy got entirely rid of his troublesome inmate, and perfectly regained his health and strength.

“Recollecting then the remaining part of the conversation between the snakes, he caused hot oil to be poured in the hole, which he readily discovered, and destroyed the snake; and, on digging, found an immense treasure, with which, increased by a large sum, as a grateful acknowledgment to the gods for his restoration, he built three temples, and at each excavated a large Ba-

oli. Having seen the completion of these works, he returned to his own country."

'Such is the fable respecting these interesting remains, which may now be concisely noticed, commencing with the most southern as perhaps most deserving notice, and which is situated on a slight eminence about three furlongs south of the town. This pagoda, which in outward form differs little from that which is so common to the Hindoo erections of the present day, is built entirely of hewn stone, without lime or cement of any kind, but strongly clamped together with iron, inserted every six inches or a foot apart across each joining of the stones, and secured by a cross at each extremity. The stone is chiefly a red durable limestone, or secondary marble found in the neighbouring hills; but some pieces being carelessly selected of a slaty structure, or intersected by numerous veins, and subject to rapid decomposition, the state of preservation greatly varies in the sculptural ornaments, though where strength was of importance, the best materials have been apparently selected. The shafts of the columns, which are twelve or fourteen feet high, are of single blocks, as are also the several beams thrown from one column to the other to support the roof, and which are of still greater length and proportions. The whole exterior of this pagoda is covered with a great variety of sculptural ornaments; but without any apparently regular design, and wanting that general effect which simplicity can alone bestow. The high pyramidal part of this, as well as the other pagodas to be noticed, is what has chiefly suffered from evidently intentional dilapidation, said to have been made through the intolerant zeal of the Mohammedans, during the period of their sway in Central India—and the efforts which are to be traced in every quarter of this, and the neighbouring districts as well as in upper Malwa.

'The main or open part of this pagoda measures in the interior twenty-eight feet square, having a recess towards the south six feet by twelve, leading to the inner or sacred closed apartment. This first part is surmounted by a dome, formed by the overlapping of each successive layer of masonry, richly sculptured, and supported by pilasters about fourteen feet high, and projecting about half a diameter. The entablature and dome rise about twenty-feet above these last; and on the top of the entablature are boldly projecting brackets, each of which formerly have borne small caryatides, from which sprung the arch of the dome: many of these casts, however, are greatly mutilated or fallen on the pavement below; but neither in proportions nor attitudes do they appear to have wanted justness or elegance. The pilasters themselves have none of the heavy proportions and appearance common to Hindoo architecture, the shafts being about six diameters long, well diminished, and surmounted by capitals far from clumsy.

'Over the door-way leading to the inner apartment are three Hindoo characters (Madana or Camadeva, the Hindoo Cupid). Against the opposite wall of the inner apartment are three colossal figures, occupying its

whole length. They are in bold relief, and of single blocks. The centre one is thirteen feet high, and the smaller ones on each side eight feet two inches, supported on pedestals about a foot broad, bearing inscriptions nearly obliterated. These figures are totally devoid of clothing or ornament of any kind. They have woolly hair, square formed faces, and broad foreheads, (the latter strongly marked in the centre,) small noses, apparently originally pointed and aquiline, large under-lips, small projecting chins, long ears, and very short thick throats. There is also a great disproportion between the length of the lower limbs and the trunks in the larger figure, which is scarcely observable in the smaller ones. There is neither on the figures nor pedestals the slightest trace of vermillion and oil, as the Hindoos smear their idols, nor is there any place for lights, flowers, or other offerings; but there is a small flight of steps, leading to a ledge above the figures, and formed by their projection from the wall, which may have been used for this purpose. Over two of the figures is suspended, at a little distance above their heads, a handsome ornament resembling a crown, and from the other it has probably fallen, as they are evidently formed of detached pieces of stone, afterwards fastened in their present position.

'The next temple deserving notice, and which would by many be classed first in order, is the most southern of two standing about a furlong west of the former, and about the same distance apart. In their structure, plan, and outward appearance, these nearly resemble the one just noticed, but the interior is executed in a much more elaborate and superior style. The columns and every part exhibit a great exuberance of sculptural ornament, for the most part minute, but elegantly executed. The principal apartment measures twenty-eight feet square, having a front portico of fifteen by ten, and side ones each fourteen feet square. The recess leading to the inner apartment is six by ten and a half feet, and this last is ten and a half feet square. The dome over the main apartment is supported by four elegantly-executed columns, the shafts of which are formed of single block, and are wrought in the most minute and elaborate style, in the varied patterns of which are introduced innumerable small human figures, chiefly in a sitting attitude. The proportions of the columns are light and elegant; but the capitals are of a more complicated structure than those in the first-noticed temple. The upper part of each shaft is formed into an octagon, on each of whose sides there are two figures, male or female, in various attitudes; and as each pair is dissimilar, they perhaps form, in the whole, the representation of some particular event or story. The columns, entablature, dome, and every part of this temple, is, however, so covered with a profusion of sculptural ornament, individually elegant and well executed, that it would be vain attempting any distinct notice of each; but it may, perhaps, be worthy of remark, that in the frieze and over the door-way leading to the inner apartment, there is in bold relief a distinct representation of Ganesa, and another, which,

from the number of its arms, &c., may be probably intended for Mahadeo.

'On the wall of the recess leading to the inner apartment on the right hand, there are three long inscriptions in a large character, resembling generally the Nagari, but differing essentially in the form of some letters, and having other marks which do not belong to it at the present day; one of these inscriptions is dispersed curiously in small squares, containing each a distinct character over a kind of complicated knot or riband, singularly convoluted. In the inner apartment there is also a colossal figure in bold relief, which, from its proportions and other differences, is probably feminine. It has neither the woolly hair, square strongly-marked forehead, nor long ears of the former figures, but has the thick under-lip, but with a less projecting chin. It differs most, however, in having drapery, a string across from the shoulder, and a sash round the waist, and in having several small attendant figures, with evident traces of oil and vermillion. It has neither pedestal nor inscription.

'There is only one remaining temple worth separate notice; but there are three large figures at the site of a small pagoda, near these two last mentioned, nearly buried in the soil, but which appear to be about five feet high. They have so generally the features and several characteristics of the large figures first described, as to appear but copies on a reduced scale. But these all bear inscriptions in very good preservation, and in the same character already alluded to. There are many mutilated remains around of similar figures, bearing also inscriptions, and two in a sitting posture are tolerably well executed in a coarse grained white marble, but without any traces of inscriptions.

'The last temple to be noticed is the small one, where Rajah Balahara is said to have alighted, and which is situated about three furlongs N. W. of the two last described. The small inner apartment alone remains, and this bears distinct evidence of having been rebuilt in the modern way, with lime cement from the ruins of a former temple, the remaining fragments of which are strewn around to a great distance. It has also undergone late repairs with brick and lime, and several breaches in its walls seem to have been filled up with similar coarse materials or rubbish from around. It contains some insignificant fragments of small figures, and has in its centre what is evidently a Lingam, though of an unusual form. The walls are plain, but the frieze is filled with a great number of small figures in various attitudes, armed with swords and shields, but intermixed there are some of those disgusting indecencies common in Hindoo temples. The chief claim, therefore, to notice, of this temple is, that of its being the spot fixed on in the fable, and as bearing the only clearly-marked Sanscrit inscription containing the name of Rajah Balahara, and one below in that common to the other inscriptions. The Sanscrit inscription gives concisely, that Rajah Balahara, in gratitude to the gods, built these temples—one of the other temples in the town which has been evidently, though now

greatly damaged, others, coming to appearance, being a part with the temple.

'To the temple of Acher is a fine ancient edifice, the other among the ruins of the present day, of their original nature of argument, is the temple for their figures, and hold them as them as have original extensive wards. They them to be of lar age, and have been decided by tation of containing, sidered either name, but to by El as a Bhue flourished century.'

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greatly dilapidated, equal to most of the others, contains a large stone Lingam, but its appearance does not warrant a belief of its being a part of, or at all of equal antiquity with the temple itself.

'To the intolerant zeal of the Emperor Acher is imputed the destruction of these ancient edifices, but it is still singular that neither amongst Musselman nor Hindoo records of the province is there the slightest trace of their origin or erection. Independent of the nature of the figures and inscriptions, a great argument for their not being of Hindoo origin, is that they have no particular direction for their front or for the inner apartment and figures, and the Hindoos of the present day hold them in great abhorrence, considering them as Jain. The temples seem rather to have originally been built on the sides of an extensive quadrangle, and to have faced inwards. The style and mode of building prove them to be at least ancient, but their particular age, as well as the sect by whom they have been erected, will be, probably, chiefly decided by the degree of credit, or interpretation of the inscription at the small temple containing the name of Rajah Balahara, considered either as a mere title or a specific name, bearing any relation to the one alluded to by El Edrisi, in his *Modern Geography*, as a Bhuddist, and who is supposed to have flourished about the middle of the twelfth century.'

THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH'S MEMOIRS.
(Concluded from p. 35).

The Margravine of Anspach relates a most unaccountable story of some supernatural noises, firing of arms, and apparent flashing of fire, which haunted Madame Clairon at Vienna, and which were not only heard by others, but noticed in the registers of police. The margravine, from the way in which she narrates the whole story, seems to infer that all this was occasioned by Monsieur de S—, whose overtures Madame Clairon had refused, and who, in consequence, said he would pursue her after death. Speculation on this subject would be idle, and we proceed to our author's notice of other French actors of this period, particularly Le Kain:—

'Le Kain, originally a simple artisan, with a figure unprepossessing, and even displeasing; with an ill-shaped form, harsh organs, and feeble temperament,—burst forth from the workshop to the stage, and, with no other guide than genius—without any other assistance than that of talent—without other resource but art,—displayed the greatest actor—the finest, the most imposing, the most interesting of men. I speak not of his first essays, nor his last efforts: in the one he doubted, he tried, he deceived himself; in the latter his powers seconded his intentions. For want of means, he was often slow and declamatory; but in the zenith of his perfection none ever approached him. He excelled most particularly in the tragedies of Voltaire; and, like the author, he soared continually—noble, sensible, profound, terrible, and sublime. In those of Corneille, he was not equally great; and the parts in Racine were too simple for his talents. He was

master of many languages—had studied much; but without art he would never have reached such a summit as to overbear his physical defects.'

The margravine, who travelled in Denmark, is not partial to that country, and says, the European sovereigns might rather have divided Denmark than Poland among them; they have since partially done that, by tearing Norway from it; it is true they did not amalgamate well, but we are not aware that the yoke of Sweden is preferred by the Norwegians. The margravine gives an interesting anecdote on this subject:—

'A true Norwegian holds a Dane in the utmost contempt. As an instance of the fear the Dane lives in with regard to the Norwegian, the Prince of Bevern related the following anecdote:—

'The king's body guard was composed of Norwegians, all fine, tall, well-looking men, who were not obliged to serve longer than three years from the time of enlisting, at the expiration of which they were permitted to go home, if they demanded a discharge. During Struensee's administration, it happened that the time of thirty men was expired, and they petitioned for a discharge to pass to Norway, as was customary. This was not only refused, but they were made to understand that they should serve as long as was thought proper. To this they made no observation; but secretly providing themselves with powder and ball, one morning, after the officer on duty had discharged the company, they drew up in form, preserving the utmost silence. Their officer demanded the reason: they informed him they desired to speak with the king; they were determined to see him, and relate their grievance to him alone, or perish in the attempt to a man. They then loaded their pieces, marching off in order through the guards at the palace towards Fredericsburg, where the king was. They had not advanced two hundred yards from the gate, when an old woman followed them, and informed them that one of their company was stopped at the gate. They marched back again, and, with their pieces and bayonets presented, demanded him. He was immediately delivered up. The alarm became general. They proceeded forward; the city gates were shut, and the citizens almost gave themselves up for lost, as either on the point of being sacked or put to the sword.

'A detachment of horse was sent in pursuit, to bring them back dead or alive. These they received in order, with presented pieces and bayonets, with a menace, that if they advanced a step towards them, they must abide the consequences. Intimidated by the resolution they displayed, the horse retired within the walls. They then marched on through the guard at the palace gate, where they arrived about twelve o'clock, and drew up in the court-yard inside. They immediately demanded an audience of the king: Struensee made his appearance, and requested to know what they desired: they replied, they did not know him, but were determined to see the king; and if his majesty did not choose to see them, they were re-

solved to force their way into his presence, or perish in the attempt.

'Struensee hastened to his sovereign, and presently returned with an answer, that his majesty was ready to hear them: they were then admitted, with all their accoutrements, into the royal presence. Resting upon their arms, they made known their grievance, and insisted on a discharge from the king's own hand. They not only obtained this, but a refreshment after their march, with the addition of a small present of money. They then retired back to Copenhagen, and the next day set off for Norway.'

Passing from grave to gay, we have a pun of the famous French punster, Monsieur de Bievre:—

'The margrave and some others were conversing about the court of France, when a remark was made—if France became disturbed, what would Louis XVI. do? they had heard that the only good talent which he had was that of being a fine locksmith: "*Ah!*" said De Bievre, "*mais il ne trouvera pas le clef de cette énigme là.*"

Few works call less for comment than such memoirs as those of the Margravine of Anspach, and having already expressed our opinion of the merits of these volumes, we shall conclude our notice with selecting a few anecdotes relating to distinguished individuals:—

Voltaire.—He seldom went to bed till day break, drinking coffee continually, and frequently playing at chess. He wore a dirty dressing-gown and unpowdered tie wig, with a cap over that, either of silk or of embroidered velvet. His house at Ferney was a receptacle for foreigners: and, as every visitor drained himself to entertain him, it is not to be wondered at, that by such a quick succession of the different inhabitants of the globe, he acquired such a universal knowledge of mankind. His *salle à manger* was very dirty, in general: his servants, when he was alone, often waited in their waistcoats; and, as he seldom gave new liveries, they who had recently quitted their former places retained their old ones, and thus had the appearance of different gentlemen's servants who were staying at the house.

His drawing-room made ample amends for the careless disorder of the other apartments: few noblemen had a more elegant suite of chambers, either for state or convenience.

He was accustomed to write the best hints for his material works on scraps of paper: it was surprising that he could find them in their complicated state. While writing with a fire, he always sat with his back to it, probably to secure his eyes.

He would join the dance in the servants' hall on hearing the violin, sometimes in a suit of velvet and embroidery. Swift had as much of this eccentric vein in him as Voltaire, frequently descending to mere trifles, perhaps in order the better to rise afterwards in sentiment. Pope alluded to this, in all probability, when he so elegantly pays this compliment to Lord Bolingbroke:—

"Teach me like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise."

'One day that he had been to see Madame Dupuis, who had been lately brought to bed; after he had left her, she discovered in her buffet a superb vase of silver, and in that vase a receipt for 12,000 francs, which M. Dupuis was indebted to him.

'A labourer at Ferney was in prison for 7,500 francs: Voltaire instantly discharged the debt; and, as he was informed that this man had a large family as his only property, he added, "Nothing is lost when we give alms, and restore a father to his family and a citizen to the state."

'Another labourer, who did not belong to Ferney, having lost a process in the parliament of Besançon, which was his ruin, in his despair hastened to Voltaire; who, after examining his papers, went into his cabinet, and brought back to him three bags of 1000 francs each.—"Here," said he to the wretched man, "this will repay the wrongs of justice," (for the cause was good:) "a new process would only be a new torment for you. Go to law no more; and if you are inclined to settle here, I will provide for you."

Madame de Vacluse.—'Madame Fauques de Vacluse was singular in the history of her life. She had been forced by her mother to take the veil, in order to provide for an elder sister, who was handsome: she herself had the misfortune not to be beautiful. Her mother and her sister both died of the same complaint—a cancer in the breast. On these events taking place, she sent to Rome an uncle of hers, to plead her cause with the pope, who allowed her to break her vows. She then came to Paris, and lived with a lady some time, to whom she was a most agreeable companion, and whom she continued with till her death. Madame de Vacluse had one fault common to great geniuses—she had every sense but common sense; she soon wanted some assistance to her income, and unfortunately wrote *La Guerre des Bêtes*, a political fable, in which Madame de Pompadour, mistress to Louis XV., was satirized under the form of a leopard. She thus became the object of persecution; and to avoid the Bastille fled to England, where she lived in great retirement, seeing only Mrs. Montague, and a few literary men.'

Marshal Saxe.—'To the love of pleasure he united a calm and profound courage; he was brave and humane. He knew how to respect the blood of his soldiers, and spared them where he could. A general officer one day showing him a post which might be useful, observed that it would not cost him more than twelve grenadiers. "Let us pass it by," said the marshal, "even if it were twelve lieutenant-generals!" He, doubtless, by this pleasantry, did not intend to reflect upon a body of respectable officers, and who, by their services and rank, were destined to command; he wished only to show how he valued a body of soldiers celebrated for their valour.

'The night preceding the battle of Raucoux, he was in his tent, plunged in profound reverie. M. Senac, who was alone with him, inquired of him the cause of his reflections. The marshal replied to him in the verses of Andromache—

"Songe, songe, Senac, à cette nuit cruelle,
Qui fut pour tout un peuple une nuit éternelle;
Songe aux cris des vainqueurs, songe aux cris
des mourans,

Dans la flamme étouffés, sous le fer expirans."
'He added a moment after, "And all these soldiers think nothing about this." A general, who during the silence of the night could thus lament over the massacres of the morrow, and reflect on the thousands who were asleep, a part of whom could only wake to die, must have been more than an ordinary man.'

Lord Thurlow.—'A clergyman in the north, who had been educated with Thurlow, had been told by him jocosely, when young, that if ever he came to be lord chancellor he would provide for him. When Thurlow had been seated on the woolsack, this gentleman mentioned the story of the promise to a friend, who advised him to go to London and make the trial, although he said he thought he would be forgotten, as he had never kept up any acquaintance with his former associate. With trembling expectation the clergyman reached London, and proceeded directly to the chancellor's house. Having inquired for his lordship, and having sent up his name, he was ordered to be admitted. He found Lord Thurlow in his study, and heard him previously call out in a loud tone to the servant who announced him, "Show him in!" With great humility he informed him of the purport of his visit, and, hoping that no offence would be taken at his presumption, requested that he might be appointed to a small living which was then vacant near the place where he resided as curate. He had no sooner made known his object than Thurlow rang the bell, and, with the voice of a Stentor, shouted to the servant, "Show him out!" The summons was obeyed, and the poor disconsolate curate returned home totally disappointed, to condole with his friend on his harsh treatment. In two days' post, however, he received a letter from the chancellor, with a nomination to a very valuable rectory, which consoled him amply for the vexation he had undergone.

'Lord Thurlow had a nephew in the church, who came from Norfolk, where he lived, to pay his respects to the chancellor. In the course of conversation, he asked him by what conveyance he had reached town. Mr. Thurlow answered, "By the mail-coach, my lord." "By the mail!" replied the chancellor; "go to my coach-maker, and order yourself a carriage, and let me hear no more of mail-coaches." His injunctions were obeyed, and his nephew was soon after appointed to the very valuable rectory of Houghton le Spring, in the county of Durham, (where Lord Thurlow had made his brother bishop,) and to a stall in Norwich cathedral.

The Dutch Salmagundi of M. Paul Van Hemert. Translated by LEWIS JACKSON. Post 8vo. pp. 114. London, 1826. Effingham Wilson.

Who Mynheer Paul Van Hemert is, we profess not to know, as his name does not occur to us among the Dutch literati; it is enough for us if Mr. Jackson has found him out, and

transfused his writings from Dutch into English—a task to which he confesses he was led by the success of Mr. Bowring and Mr. Van Dyk. in their *Batavian Anthology*. It would, however, have been kind of the translator, if he had given us some notice of his author.

The *Salmagundi* consists of a melange of literary scraps, considerably varied in character. Few of them aspire to the rank of tales, and many of the articles are mere anecdotes, and those well known. The volume is of a light and amusing character, without much pretension. The first article is on typographical errors; the idea is perhaps carried too far, but of this we shall leave our readers to judge by quoting it, with the exception of one passage, which, to say the least, is irreverent:—

'*Typographical Errors.*—Robert Stephen, a learned printer, of the sixteenth century, printed the books of the ancient writers with so much accuracy, that he caused proofs of several of his works to be publicly exhibited; promising a reward for every typographical error that could be pointed out.

'Where, in the present day, is that printer who is so particular? Even the stereotypical plates of Didot, are not quite so pure, but a few ducats might be gained by them. The Germans speak much of their *Pracht ausgaben*, (splendid editions), yet, how splendid soever they may be, they have also their typographical errors.

'People who read much, do, no doubt, now and then observe typographical errors, which, on account of the violent contrast with the sense of the writer, beguile them of a hearty laugh. If one sits reading much at home, like the true *heluones librorum*, such a laugh is often the best remedy against obstruction in the abdomen. I am, therefore, desirous to point out the utility of typographical errors, though I willingly confess that, taking them generally, they are more troublesome than pleasant.

'Besides this, typographical errors have yet another good quality, not for the reader, but for the writer; which is, that they leave open to the latter a back door, to make his escape, when a critic pulls him over the coals, on account of some blunders; and to bawl out to the public, that it was but a typographical error, about which the learned critic made so confounded a noise. This is particularly convenient with regard to ciphers, and oh! how many a one, in order to deceive the reader, or from ignorance, or at least from negligence, has placed *here* a cipher too much; *there* one too little, and has thus succeeded in saving himself!

'Authors, beware that you do not make too great an use of this artifice, else you are in danger that the question be put to you which the celebrated Lessing made to a certain translator of Horace—"Why, my friend!

* Newspapers and periodicals are more liable to typographical errors, and are more excusable than works which are printed without hurry and under the immediate superintendence of the author; but even in this short article the printer has suffered more than one typographical error to escape his notice.—ED.

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The reader doubts not that typographical errors may be variously classed, and I am confident that he thinks, *alone* with me, political and financial typographical errors particularly ugly.

It has often been observed (especially in our time) that political printers have entirely taken wrong letters: through which typographical errors have occurred, for which the poor nation was for a long while after compelled to atone. The worst of it was, that Mr. Printer only sometimes examined the proof-sheet, and, moreover, in haste, without making a revision or consulting the eyes of others; widely different from Stephen, who had even ducats to throw away upon this subject; no wonder, then, that many a book was so full of typographical errors, that it could not be read, and that shortly after the printing and publishing of it, another, but, not much better printer, declared it a continued typographical error; that is, a misprint.

No less ugly are the financial typographical errors. If there be any one who wishes to class them along with the political ones, I will not quarrel about it, suffice it, they are very ugly errors; they exhaust a nation; and what looks more ugly than an exhausted people? How many individuals were ruined, when the American paper money was so reduced, that four thousand dollars were equal to one dollar cash! The history of the French assignats is likewise still fresh in our memory, and who does not cry out with me, on looking at our own paper-shop, Heaven preserve us from financial typographical errors!

Not only art but nature has its typographical errors. Monstrous births, watery brains, and such like;—what are these other than typographical errors of Dame Nature. How many misprints of man do we not, from time to time, meet with in our perambulations through this globe! I do not so much allude to people who have bodily infirmities; because it is not always nature, but affectation, which is sometimes the cause of these infirmities; and many there are already spoiled in this respect in their earliest youth, from their education; but I look at people, whose character has so little apparent conformity with their external physiognomy, that Lavater himself would be puzzled, and accuse nature of having committed a typographical error. Think, my good reader! of a beautiful woman, who is either void of understanding or has a bad heart;—of a strong man who, as the great poet says, "has the eyes of a dog and the heart of a stag."—"There are people," says Lavater, "whose foreheads are not well formed, and who, nevertheless, possess extraordinary powers; on the contrary, there are people with the finest foreheads, who betray a great feebleness of mind." These are typographical errors of nature which have hitherto prevented the physiognomist from immediately accepting the beautiful proportions of the head as the mark of excellency of mind.

To know whether Dame Fortune also

commits typographical errors, I have but to cast my eyes around. Heavens! what an innumerable shoal of people stand in an entirely wrong place, in our civil community, like misprinted letters in a book! are not these typographical errors?

No wonder that this goddess daily commits so many errors; if the poet Pacuvius is right, when he describes her as out of her senses and blind. Had she but one of these unhappy qualities, we should sufficiently comprehend the number of her typographical errors: how much more so, as she is not in possession of either her senses or her eyesight!

Bold is the reproach of the poet! But he is justified by reason, which is almost constantly at variance with Fortune, and accuses her daily of *blindness* and *folly*; what? here an *Epictetus* in slavery; and there a *Nero* upon a throne! are these letters which suit together? Here, in the pulpit a clergyman as stupid and as ignorant as a monk of the middle ages; and there, a sensible self-reflecting farmer, who is obliged by hard labour from morn to night to earn his morsel. Here, an entirely unphilosophical repeater of forefatherly sentiments in the rank of professor of philosophy, or a weak timorous general at the head of a great army; and there—But gently—I do not intend to write a folio: and still it would be necessary, were I to point out all the typographical errors, which this blind senseless goddess is constantly committing.

As several people are placed much too high in proportion to their talents and abilities; so others, on the contrary, merit a much higher rank. In the first case, there are some letters too many; in the other, too few. In both, however, reason finds herself thwarted, and fatigues herself in vain to utter the word. Both these typographical errors are ugly. The first, however, strikes the eye more than the last. "Woe unto thee, O country! whose king is a child."

It seems now and then as if Fortune would correct her typographical errors and would reconcile herself with Reason; but it is in reality Reason herself who makes a virtue of necessity, and in such cases, forces that goddess to commit deeds which she would otherwise not think of. Many a man shines in history as a star of the first magnitude, who but just before lived as an every-day character, quite unobserved; and would for ever have remained so, if extraordinary circumstances had not called him into action. What is this, well considered, but a victory which Reason has obtained over Fortune?

This is particularly the case in affairs of genius—the field of battle, therefore, where art is so often eclipsed by genius, does not seldom exhibit to us a great man in a person whose name was before hardly known to his fellow citizens. "He to whom nature has given the necessary talents, needs no instructor," says the great Frederic.

Lucullus never had the command of an army, before the Roman senate sent him to Pontus,—and he, nevertheless, on his arrival there, defeated the King Mithridates. The man's incredible power of mind; fully made

up for all that might be wanting, from deficiency of experience in military knowledge. Little did the world think in the beginning of the last French war, that men who were barely corporals and sub-lieutenants, such as Jourdan, Pichegru, Hoche, Massena, Augereau, Joubert, Bernadotte, Bonaparte, Desaix,—and that others whose occupations were foreign to warfare, for instance, Jean Victor Moreau,—who, placed at the head of an army, should, by extraordinary military operations immortalize their names. Throughout Europe, armies were laughed at that were to be headed by such men; they recollected the French of former times, at the battle of Rossbach, and made themselves merry with the perspective,—Austrians and Prussians looked both (from on high) down, upon the so called generals, and for all that—But whither am I wandering?—from typographical errors to the French war. The reader will certainly think that there is also in my brain, a typographical error.—

To this essay we add two anecdotes:—

Charles III. of Spain was particularly fond of the chase, and went often to the mountains of Toledo, with the intention of destroying wolves. The government of that city had, from time immemorial, awarded three ducats to any one who killed a wolf. The king was never better pleased but when he had this good fortune, and readily accepted the reward. "Of all my revenues," he used to say, "this money is the most agreeable to me, as I obtain it through my own exertion."

There are no deeds, however nefarious, but persons will be found who are desirous to justify them, and that, too, from Holy Writ. Who is not horror-struck when he reads how the Empress Irene caused her own son Constantine treacherously to be taken prisoner, cruelly deprived of his eyesight, and then made herself mistress of the throne! And, nevertheless, this empress (who was a great advocate for idolatry) is exculpated by Cardinal Baronius in his annals of chronology, who defends her crime by the Old as well as by the New Testament. "She has," says he, "done nothing more than what ought to be done for religion."

MADAME DE GENLIS'S MEMOIRS.

The seventh and eighth volumes of this lady's memoirs are just published, and conclude the work, which, it must be confessed, she has spun out to a great length. The Memoirs abound in anecdotes, some of which are a little improbable; and, therefore, must rest on the authority of the lady herself. Of Napoleon, to whom Madame de Genlis is somewhat partial, notwithstanding her attachment to the Bourbons and legitimacy, she relates the following anecdotes:—

During the campaign in Egypt, M. Desgenettes, whose skill has obtained for him so extensive a reputation, was surgeon-general of the forces. In France we have commonly a very erroneous idea of the plague, regarding it in general as a mortal malady, while it is very frequently not so. Like the small-pox, it is, according to its kind, either fatal or benignant, and this fact is sufficiently fa-

miliar to all professional men of eminence. A plague of the latter description had broken out near Alexandria, and nothing could still the terrors of the people whom it affected, and who immediately gave themselves up for lost. This agitation of their minds increased the violence of the fever, and many of the sick fell victims to the mere force of their imaginations. Napoleon at this time directed M. Desgenettes to declare publicly in the daily orders, that the contagious malady which prevailed was not the plague. M. Desgenettes positively refused to lend his name to such a falsehood. Napoleon insisted. The surgeon courageously resisted all his threats, but yielded at length to his entreaties, for the preservation of the army. He then published a bulletin, stating that the plague did not prevail in the army. It was believed, the fears were tranquillized, and all the remaining sick were preserved.

In the same campaign, Napoleon laid siege to St. Jean d'Acre. While he was before the city the transports loaded with supplies which he was expecting were captured by the brave Sir Sidney Smith. Napoleon being thus reduced to the necessity of raising the siege, wanted a reasonable pretext for doing so, which his inventive genius soon suggested to him. He summoned Desgenettes, and to the astonishment of the latter, gave him orders directly contrary to those which he had before received. He was now desired to proclaim that the plague had begun to manifest itself before St. Jean d'Acre, and that the general, actuated by a regard for the safety of his troops, had determined upon raising the siege. Desgenettes remonstrated vehemently against this fresh falsehood; Napoleon assumed an imperious and threatening tone; Desgenettes replied with an honourable firmness, "You may order me to be shot, if you will; but you shall never again induce me to betray the truth." Napoleon then changed his tone, and assured the surgeon that he only asked him to be for the second time the saviour of the army: "for," he added, "if you persist in your refusal to do what I require of you, I shall remain here with the army, and we shall perish to a man. Desgenettes was forcibly affected, and some tears which he could not repress were the proofs and pledges of his obedience. He announced that the plague raged before St. Jean d'Acre; the siege was raised, and the grateful army blessed the touching prudence of their general."

Madame de Genlis gives a curious account of the celebrated Madame de Krudener:—

"I have learned," she says, "within a few days only, the death of Madame de Krudener, an extraordinary and interesting person—two qualities which, when united, are always remarkable, and more particularly so in a woman. I knew her first when I was living at the Carmelites in the Rue de Vaugirard: she wrote requesting to see me, and I consented with pleasure to receive her, for I had read her very pretty little romance, entitled *Valerie*, which by no means announced that exaltation of sentiment which I heard attributed to the author. I was even curious to know a person who combined with great imagina-

tion a considerable portion of natural and simple feeling, and such indeed I found her to be. She had a habit of saying the most singular things with a calmness which rendered them persuasive. She was unquestionably very well intentioned; she appeared to be amiable, witty, and to possess an originality which was quite delightful. She came again several times to visit me, always displaying great kindness of manner, and inspired me with a real interest. She had great sensibility and sweetness, an excellent disposition, and was still young: her death grieved me extremely."

The character of Madame de Stael and of her last work, the 'Ten Years' Exile,' is, perhaps, rather severe, but possesses much truth. Of course envy has nothing to do with the matter. Speaking of the work, for the publication of which Madame de Stael was not answerable, since it appeared after her death, Madame de Genlis says:—

"It is at once frivolous and pedantic: it has been said that Madame de Stael, with the pen in her hand, was transformed into a man. Upon this occasion she seems to me to have been rather disguised than transformed. In her political works there is an excess of vanity which a man of sense would never have shown. She attached a value which I cannot understand, to the visits that were paid her, to the praises which she received, and to the company which she collected about her. She calls being exiled from Paris, "unheard of and barbarous persecution." She affects the most violent despair for no other cause than that of being prevented from receiving, without restriction, foreigners and persons unknown; she imagines herself the most unfortunate of women, because she is compelled to take up her abode in her own country, and to reside there in a beautiful seat, with her children, the husband of her choice (M. Rocca), and two or three intimate friends, and in the possession of a large fortune which enabled her to do a great deal of good in her neighbourhood. It would be difficult for those whose lot it has been to be proscribed, flying for their lives, stripped of their fortune, and who have passed ten or twelve years under all these privations in a foreign country, to sympathise with the woes in Madame de Stael's 'Ten Years of Exile.' She talks incessantly of her talents, and of her success; she cites a number of replies, often very witty, which she has made on various occasions; and, in short, she displays throughout her work a self-love, which a little more reflection would have induced her to conceal. The book is by no means well written, and contains many phrases in an extremely vulgar taste, particularly when the author wishes to be jocose—a style in which she was never very happy."

We conclude with an untranslatable *bon-mot*:—

"Le Général Decaen voyageoit dans le temps de la Revolution; il fut arrêté dans un village de Normandie, et conduit devant l'officier municipal. "Comment vous nommez-vous?" dit le fonctionnaire public.—"Decaen." "Votre profession?"—"Aide-de-camp." "D'ou venez-vous?"—"De Caen."

"Ou allez-vous?"—"Au camp." "Oh il y a trop de cancan dans votre affaire, je vous arrête."

ORIGINAL.

The Representative: a Morning Paper. No. I. THE commencement of a new Morning Paper is an event of such rare occurrence, that we shall scarcely be considered as going out of our way if we notice it; we say Morning Paper, for of late years many efforts have been made to establish an evening paper, without success; but for the last twenty years, we believe, no attempt has been made with a morning paper. Every person conversant in politics will recollect an evening paper called *The Pilot*, which, however, did not weather the storm, like the hero of Mr. Canning's song. A few years after *The Pilot* was in the deep ocean of oblivion buried, the Whigs commenced an evening paper, called *The Guardian*; but it could not, 'like the blood of Douglas,' protect itself, though patronized by the party, and possessing the talents of Hazlitt and some other clever men. About the time of the queen's trial, Lord Kenyon thought cabinet-making likely to be in request, and fancied that he possessed sufficient influence to form a new party—a sort of mongrel, between the Ministers and Opposition: for this purpose he set up a paper, called *The True Briton*, which, after he had lost some eight or ten thousand pounds in money, and suffered the disgrace of having his name connected with the publisher of Harriette Wilson's *Memoirs*, was discontinued. The next evening paper was, we believe, called *The Evening Chronicle*; it was begun by Mr. Buckingham, an able, respectable, and we think much-wronged gentleman, who was banished India for the honest freedom with which he expressed his opinions. The *Evening Chronicle* struggled sometime, and then perished. Another paper was commenced by a few persons who clubbed their £50 each, to begin a journal, which was called *The Nation*; the small part of the public, however, which it enlisted in its favour, did not save it from d—nation. The last effort, and perhaps the feeblest ever made, to establish a new evening paper, failed a few weeks ago; it was entitled *The Evening Times*, and obtained so limited a circulation, that copies will, we doubt not, soon be sought after by the bibliomaniacs, unless the cheesemongers overstock the market with it. During the period to which our retrospect refers, *The Statesman*, an evening paper, commenced under the auspices of Lord Moira (now Marquis of Hastings), and a sort of counterfeit on it, called *The British Statesman*, have perished.

To return to the subject of *The Representative*, which it is now time we should do, we must state that it is avowedly commenced by Mr. Murray, the eminent and highly respectable bookseller, whose wealth, liberality, and, above all, his connections, excited the most favourable anticipations of a paper with which he associated himself. Another circumstance created considerable interest respecting this paper: it was understood that it was to be edited by Mr. Lockhart, the son-

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in-law of Sir Walter Scott, a gentleman of great talents; and it was thought that even the worthy baronet might lend his own pen in the cause, particularly as it is known he is not averse to dabbling in newspapers, of which his connection with the *Beacon* is a proof. Unfortunately, however, the field of newspapering (we beg pardon for coining a new word) is well occupied, and it appears to be one of the very few things in which no new discovery is to be made, nor any very palpable improvement effected. The *Argus* eyes and Briarean arms of the press seem to have embraced every thing, while the number of daily papers is such, that there is scarcely any party or interest that is not represented by them.

We mention these circumstances to show the difficulty every person must encounter who begins a new daily journal; and we might mention others, such as the fatality (to a newspaper) tranquil-state of the world, and the extinction of party at home; we shall, however, forget all these in judging of *The Representative*, which we shall estimate by its own merits. It may, perhaps, be considered as somewhat unfair to judge by a first number of any work; however, we may say, the arrangements for *The Representative* seem to be sufficiently matured to warrant us in considering this a fair specimen.

The mechanism of a newspaper is principally a matter of taste, in which opinions may differ; we can, therefore, excuse *The Representative* for confining its police reports to a dozen lines, although most of the journals devote a column to the subject, which, if we are not much mistaken, is often the first read. The *Gazette*, ship news, fashionable intelligence, and such articles as are common to every journalist, are unworthy of notice, and as there is no original feature in the *Representative*, we are driven to the leading article. We have said no original feature, for even letters from Paris are not so, and we think Sir Morgan O'Doherty, who, we believe, is the representative in Paris, of *The Representative* in London, might employ his great talents better than in writing a column and a half about French operas.

We come now to the most characteristic feature of the new paper—the leading article, and we must honestly confess, we are not acquainted with any terms too severe for its reprobation,—did it not rather excite ridicule than censure. We say nothing of the style, barbarous as it is, in which this lengthy article of four columns is written; we say nothing of the writer's theory, if he has any, for, in matters of opinion, men may honestly differ; but it is impossible to pass over the gross ignorance of facts, and the affectation of knowledge, which the editor betrays. We know not who prints the paper, but we are sure, there is not a reader or compositor on a paper in London, that might not have detected the blunders the editor has committed in this, his first political essay.

The article to which we allude, is a sort of view of the political state of Europe at the present moment; a good subject, if well handled, certainly; but the editor of *The Representative* shows little prescience as to

the future, and betrays gross ignorance of the past. Alluding to Russia, this sapient gentleman, who, we understand once drove the chariot of the *Sun*, and will fall like Phaeton, says:—'Twelve years ago, it was no secret that Constantine had, at the period of his second marriage, renounced, formally, his right of succession to the throne.' Now had this gentleman read the daily papers for the last month, he would have learnt what every person but himself knew long ago, that so far from Constantine having married a second time twelve years ago, his first marriage was not dissolved until the 2nd of April, 1820, and that his second marriage did not take place until the 24th of May, of that year, six years after the editor of *The Representative* says it was no secret, that, in consequence of this second marriage, Constantine had resigned his right of succession to the throne!

This, though an instance of unpardonable ignorance, we might have overlooked, were it not for the pretensions of the writer, who in a note (a novelty in a leading article) to this subject, unblushingly but elegantly says, 'In 1814, here in London we heard the whole story [that of Constantine's second marriage, &c.] from the lips of a Russian of high rank, who when telling it stood not four yards from Alexander's person. When asked what would be the consequence of Constantine's refusing to carry the compact into execution, he answered, *The Russian trial by jury*, emphatically adjusting his neckcloth as he said the words.' Now, as the fact is notorious (and we repeat, all the world knows it but this writer,) that Constantine was not married a second time, and had not entered into any compact about resigning the heirship of the throne of Russia until six years after this pretended conversation took place, we leave our readers to judge of the reliance to be placed on an editor who makes such an unwarranted and unpardonable an assertion. 'The Russian of high rank,' the vicinity to Alexander's person—a distance of four yards only, and the allusion to what may almost be considered the natural death of Russian and Turkish sovereigns—strangling, are all very circumstantial, and would, no doubt, have been very effective, but unfortunately they are all untrue.

Of mere blunders (for the instance we have alluded to must not be passed over so slightly,) this precious leading article furnishes some amusing specimens. The editor, in another note, says, 'When Bessieres was carried a prisoner into Madrid, a few weeks ago, our correspondent, who witnessed the scene, assures us that the Spaniards in the streets scarcely deigned to turn their eyes aside to look at him.' We say nothing of the absurdity of a man pretending, like Solomon, in the play of *The Stranger*, to have correspondents every where, and that, too, in the first number of his journal—which reminds us of the Irishman who, in making his debut as the editor of a new journal, returned thanks to a constant reader—Let this pass; but what are we to think of a person, professing so much knowledge, being so ignorant as not to know that Bessieres never was a prisoner in Ma-

drid; that he was taken at Molina d'Arragon, not a few weeks ago, but on the 25th of August last; and that he was there shot, not, we repeat, a few weeks ago, but on the following day, namely the 26th of August, 1825.

We might allude to other instances of very gross ignorance in this leading article; these, however, will be sufficient to show how well qualified the editor is for the task he has assumed,—if not, he will probably afford more opportunities of deciding this question.

EPITAPHOBIA.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

* Optima, quæ bona sunt, mediocria, quæ mala dices

Carmina judicio, lector amice, tuo.

SIR,—I do not see any possible reason why persons should not write their epitaphs; for, if the poor crazy tombstones are suffered to tell us who lies beneath the sweeping grass; surely the living ought to possess the privilege to say whatever they please respecting themselves before they are forced to lie in their 'lodging in the cold ground.' 'The French do these things better,' it is said; having epitaphs prepared, cut, and dried, for all classes and all occasions; epitaphs are composed most readily for the 'puling babe,' the 'sighing lover,' the 'slippery pantaloons,' and the 'sans eyes, sans teeth, sans every thing.' The Greeks were celebrated both for epitaphs and epigrams. An union of both we find in the records of our ancient classics. But, perhaps, none are more famous for irony and victory than the often-quoted 'Life is a jest,' and the sarcastic probe, to a physician's skill, the 'affliction sore;' and that of Huntingdon upon himself, which states, 'that future ages shall know a prophet hath dwelt among them.' That I should be possessed of the originals of the succeeding epitaphs may startle some of their authors from their slumbers, with whose manes should I come in contact, I fear that my case will be so bad as to require an epitaph on myself. Excuse me, then, if I introduce the nucleus, to your numerous friends, at once fortifying myself with due strength and gallantry on so serious a subject as posthumous celebrity. The first indication which I find marked in the MS. Cemetery is 'On Envy.' Let it be addressed to whom it may concern as an applicable reflection on those persons who indulge this passion:—

'LIVOR E DAX.'

As a worm eats the vitals of the dead,
Envy robs merit of her precious fame;
How happy, Merit, could the worms, instead,
But feed on Envy and consume her frame.

The second appears to issue from the pen of the poet Rogers, though I think he might have written better:—

The 'Pleasures of Memory' are faded;
Human life is by misery shaded;
Could I rise, I would venture a pun,
By inquiring, *What houses have run?*

A brother banker has ventured to do his best by a third illustration of his great poetical powers in the—

—Largest bottle nature ever made;

'Twas filled with choicest liquor when it stood;

The tipsy worms have emptied it in shade,
CUR-'tis in this *here Wault*! is that *their*
food?

In the *fourth*, a learned lord, long on the
woolsack, is an identity not unworthy of the
patience and perseverance which, while on
earth, he so signally displayed:—
More than a quarter of a century, Doubt
Pushed me and drove me like a gig about;
All suits that came, they suited me so well,
I wore the suitors out, as Law can tell;
Now out of Chancery, all the secret's out—
I outlived judgment, which is death to doubt.

A more civil doctor has signified his love
of brevity by the *fifth* aphorism, which shows
a brotherly affection for his state:—

Once over courts, now under place,
Though not in courts forgot;
The worm proves strongly in my case,
That Scot must pay his Lot.

The inhabitants of St. Botolph, in the city,
feel a desire for a change, according to the
sixth sample, that—

Good Dr. Owen overrated men;
They rated under him, so over knowing;
Life's tithes, once summoned, must be settled.

When

Death, wanting tithe and dues, took Doctor
Owen.

A popular favourite in another profession,
like the doctor, has made his essay in the
next department, and we hope rather suc-
cessfully:—

In Lubin Log—in Billy Lackaday—
In Sammy Swipes and Mawworm I could play;
Had I not into future mysteries *Pried*,
I had not doff'd my *List on* shoes and died.

Not a word can be required to Herald the
eighth distich:—

Here Sheriff Parkins lies, without denial,
Who, when he moves, will move another trial.

An industrious and useful alderman, ac-
quainted with the virtues of logwood, is very
sincere in the *ninth* application:—

I warded cripples from their gait,
And twice controlled the city's state;
Whether I join the bad or good,
My epitaph shall be in Wood.

The *tenth* is supposed to be written by a
clever broadbrim, upon one of his esteemed
friends:—

Thy hat thou hankest on a pin—
How so?—because thy head is in.

Nothing can be more gratifying than to
find by the *eleventh* example that Grimaldi,
senior, is almost himself again, and will rise
at the Wells in the ensuing spring:—

'Life is a stage,' and Joey knew it well;
For who like him could on the stage excel?
He went off like a moth to rest in years,
An Easter Offering now he re-appears;
Hence 'tis Grim's ghost that plays the fool with
men,

Till he be laid and take the grave again.

As some reliance might be placed in the
twelfth confession, I proceed to fulfil my
embassy by an *ex gratia* of one of the most
eminent, though quaint, gentlemen of the
physical order:—

I'm Abernethy, stranger, if thou doubt it,
When de-composed, care I a pin about it;
Take up my fragments and compose of me,
Blue pills by dozens for the faculty.

Should I meet with other materials during
my travels through Hades, I will not lose any
time in transmitting them to you.

ON INDEXES.

THERE is nothing in the world half so tan-
talizing to a desultory reader as a bad index,
whether the subjects are injudiciously classed
or incorrectly alluded to. One of the most
striking instances of the former we recollect
to have met with in modern times, is Pierce
Egan's *Sporting Anecdotes*, in the index to
which one half of the subjects come under
the articles 'A,' 'An,' and 'The.' Blunders
as to reference are so frequent that they cease
to excite surprise, though they occasion much
inconvenience.

There is another species of tantalizing,
which is when the reader is referred from
one article to another, and then from that
back again; we have met with instances of
this sort even in scientific dictionaries as well
as indexes. Having thus pointed out some
of the faults of indexes, we will say a word
or two in their favour: of their utility when
well done, no person can for a moment
doubt; they may also be rendered a source
of amusement; at least we have converted
one into such, and hope it will be equally
successful with our readers.

The index on which we have exercised the
ingenuity we possess is 'The General Index
to the Printed Papers of the last Session of
Parliament,' which presents us with some
singular and amusing anomalies. Thus for
instance, in looking for 'appeals,' we are told
to see 'assessed taxes,' against which ap-
peals are generally useless. For 'appren-
tices' see 'chimney sweepers,' as if they
were the only persons of that class, whereas,
even the fair sex is to be found apprenticed,
and that frequently. For 'assemblies' see
'unlawful societies.' What say ye to this,
ye votaries of Terpsichore? For 'assurance
of ships' see 'Bubble Act amendment,' when
it is notorious that it is almost the only thing
in which there is no bubble.

It is very natural that we should be re-
ferred from the West India Islands to the
article 'slaves,' as they are a staple com-
modity; but why we should go to the article
'felonies' for an account of the 'clergy,' we
know not, and yet such is the case—thus
'clergy see felonies,' 'clerks in orders see
felonies.' For an account of 'corporate
bodies' we are referred to the article 'mines,'
which certainly seems a greater anomaly, and
bidding us turn to 'capital crimes' if we
want an account of 'counsel,' or than in
these days of commercial difficulties referring
us to 'bankrupts' for information respecting
'creditors.' It is, however, excessively tan-
talizing, that when we seek for 'education'
we should be referred to the 'London Uni-
versity,' which is not in existence, or likely
to be for some years.

Nothing can be more natural than under
the head 'frauds' to refer us to the 'Bubble
Act,' but why should the 'cutlery trade' be
associated with bubbles? For 'offenders'
we are referred to the 'East India judges,'
who we have always understood to be very
worthy gentlemen. For 'orchards' we are
told to see 'spring guns,' whereas any body
knows it would be more natural to reverse
the order, and refer us to orchards, which too
often contain spring-guns. We could point

out other curiosities of this sort in the index,
(and it is not peculiar in this respect), but
these being sufficient for our purpose, we
shall merely add our own.

ORIGINAL POETRY. THE CONTRAST.

BY MRS. CAREY.

Author of Lasting Impressions.

WHILE Fashion's train for trifles sigh,
And pine and grieve—they know not why—
Oh! could they for a moment share
Of humble life the real care,
They'd kneel, and thank indulgent Heav'n,
That has to *them* such blessings giv'n.

When all that stay'd existence, fails,
And worldly want the wretch assails,
Oh! would they seek the dreary shed,
Where sorrow hides her pensive head,
They'd kneel, and thank indulgent Heav'n,
That has to *them* such blessings giv'n.

SEND US A BREEZE.

SEND us a breeze, the sailor cries,
Whom calms keep from his native land;
Send us a breeze, the Arab sighs,
Dying amidst his arid sand,—
Send us a breeze, my heart replies;
Thou who canst winds and waves command,
Send us a breeze.

Send us a breeze, the parching heat
Burns around my aching head;
And beneath my weary feet
Groans the earth on which I tread;
Father of winds and waves, let sweet
And cooling airs around be spread,—
Send us a breeze.

Send us a breeze, the lowing herd
Moan, as o'er the field they fly;
And in the wood the panting bird
Turns to Thee his upward eye.
Send us a breeze, all round is heard,
And cooling rain, or else we die,—
Send us a breeze.

It comes, it gently lifts the leaves,
The pattering drops begin to fall;
It comes, each heart more freely heaves,
No more is heard of pain the call.
It comes, and he whose soul receives
New life, now thanks thee, God of all,
For this sweet breeze.

Nature is grateful, greener now
The grass lifts up its dewy head;
And upon the fresher'd bough,
Where the silver drops are shed,
The birds sing thanks; man, man, art thou
The last thy hands in praise to spread,
For this cool breeze?

Lift up thy hands, and thanks return,
That the destroyer, heat, has gone;
Thou feel'st thy lip no longer burn,
Thy spirit sick, thy cheek all wan.
From all thou seest around thee, learn
To thank the great, th' Almighty One,
For this sweet ease.

August, 1825.

S. R. J.

FINE ARTS.

MARTIN'S SCRIPTURAL PIECES.

It is the common cant of the present day to
ascribe the imperfect state of our fine arts,
painting, and sculpture—we omit poetry be-
cause no one can be mad enough to deny our
supremacy in that branch—to the chilling
influences of our religion, which has reared
itself up on the downfall of the more spirit-
stirring superstition of the heathens. Con-

vinced in our own minds of the fallacy of this supposition, we conceive that our time will not be misspent in endeavouring to topple down a fabric which is built upon so deceptious a foundation.

It is very true, and we seek not to deny it, that the heathen mythology was to heathens the whole and sole source from whence they drew their inspiration. When men saw a deity in every stream, when they imagined that the murmuring of the woods was the language of a presiding genius there resident, when they believed that they walked, and talked, and lived in the immediate presence of their gods—it would be strange indeed if their ardent spirits did not rise above themselves, and break forth into those noble conceptions and delineations of supernatural power, which are rightly called purely inspirations. They were inspired—because they believed their fictions to be the effect of truth and reality—they fell down and worshipped their Phidian Jove, and whilst they worshipped the image, which a mortal chisel had fashioned, they believed that in the statue before them they beheld the actual majesty of heaven and earth. But we can draw no parallel between them and us—when we call their worship superstition, we sweep away all that rendered them so great. They believed in their fictions—this gave them life, soul, spirit, and magic: we call them fictions, and know them to be so, hence, when a Christian attempts to embody the mythology of the ancients, his work is but an attempt, cold, rapid, and spiritless. This then has been the fault, that after the reality of the superstition had vanished, modern artists—we do not speak of those of the present day, but comparatively modern—would still continue to strum over the same tune, long after the string which used to send forth melody, had grown out of order. There was Britannia, with her lion and flag, and Hibernia with her harp, looking for all the world like a wooden image. Had we been heathens, we doubt not, we should have formed much nobler creations of our Britannias, &c., as we are Christians, we have made them what they are. But the defects of the artist are not to be sought in what is termed the 'chilling influence' of our religion, but, in the misguided zeal of the artist, who sought subjects for the display of his genius, which were no longer in unison with the feelings that religion had awakened in men's bosoms.

We will now take a hasty glance at those works which are purely the offspring of the Christian religion. Indeed, it seems altogether incomprehensible to us, how any one who is even slightly acquainted with pictures, can accuse our religion of throwing a damp upon the fiery spirit of the artist. Look at the magnificent scripture pieces of the old Italian masters; were we to enumerate them, or to attempt pointing out their beauties, we should fill columns. Look at the cartoons which were but lately exhibited in Pall Mall. Walk into Lincoln's-Inn hall, and look at Hogarth's picture of St. Paul there suspended. Look at the Moses of Michael Angelo, and then say if Christianity cannot operate as a spell and an in-

spiration. What the Phidian Jupiter was, we know not; all that we hear of it, is caught from Grecian lore; and the Greeks, like the Scotch, never lost any thing for want of praising themselves. But if it was greater than Moses, it could not have surpassed it much.

Amongst our English artists of the present day, Martin has dared, and dared successfully, to drink his inspiration from the sublime sources of our religion. The fame of Joshua, and Belshazzar's feast, will last long and live brightly; public opinion hailed them with joy, and eulogised them with justice,—and public opinion, as Burke has said, is, in the end, never wrong. Nor have the illustrations to Milton, which he has lately given to the world, detracted one tittle from his repute in this branch of the art. It may be safely said, that of all the artists who have endeavoured to body forth the sublimity of Milton, Martin has been the most successful. We trust he will not readily relinquish the line he has so happily chosen; and we trust he will yet enable us to quote him as a living proof of the truth of our opinions so decisively, that we shall not have an opponent left in the field, to take up the gage we throw down.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Nothing very striking has occurred at this theatre during the week. The opera of *The Lord of the Manor* has been very well performed, so far as the vocal parts are concerned, and we must confess that Harley made an amusing Moll Flagon, though he did not make it so ludicrous as Liston. A Mr. Pelby, from America, has made a pretty successful debut in Hamlet, having been received with great kindness.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—A new ballet has been produced at this house with as much success as it deserved; a dance between two men, who personated that amiable class of society—drunkards, was the best part of it.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

In the press, *A Picturesque Tour in Spain, Portugal, and along the Coast of Africa, from Tangiers to Tetuan.* By J. Taylor, Knight of the Royal Order of the Legion of Honour, and one of the authors of the *Voyage Pittoresque dans l'Ancienne France.*

The Tourist's Grammar, or Rules relating to scenery and antiquities incident to travellers, compiled from the first authorities, and including an epitome of Gilpin's Principles of the Picturesque, by the Rev. J. D. Fosbroke, M. A. F. A. S., is nearly ready for publication.

The Rev. R. Polwhele has in the press *Traditions and Recollections, domestic, clerical, and literary; including letters of Charles II., Cromwell, Fairfax, Edgecombe, Macaulay, Wolcot, Opie, Whitaker, Gibbon, Bulker, Courtenay, Moore, Downman, Drewe, Seward, Darwin, Cowper, Hayley, Hardinge, Sir Walter Scott, and other distinguished characters.*

Notwithstanding the great depression of the book trade, we are happy to find good

standard works still maintain their price. That excellent and useful publication, Dolby's edition of Hume and Smollett's History of England, with historical questions and wood cuts, were sold at Messrs. Saunders and Hodgson's sale, on Tuesday last, for eight hundred and fifty guineas, and Dolby's British Theatre, for five hundred and fifty guineas. They were purchased by Mr. Brooks.

A Hint to Pastry-Cooks, &c.—At a dinner party, lately, the conversation happening to turn upon cookery, and one of the company observing that the pastry was exquisite, Lady H— said that she understood that a great deal depended upon the oven being heated to a nicety. 'Why, then, madam,' exclaimed Sam Rogers, 'I find that, if we want good puffs, it is necessary to have the Coal burn!' 'That is really a notable hint in cookery, to be sure!' observed his neighbour. 'Aye, sir, and in bookery too.'

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	10 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Jan. 20	40	39	38	30 23	Cloudy.
.... 21	38	39	37	.. 18	Rain.
.... 22	39	34	34	.. 26	Cloudy.
.... 23	33	34	33	.. 23	Rain.
.... 24	33	34	33	.. 42	Foggy.
.... 25	35	34	34	.. 34	Cloudy.
.... 26	33	35	30	.. 33	Do.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The First Monthly Part of *The Literary Chronicle* for the Year 1826, price 2s is now ready. We beg to recommend our publication in this form, to persons resident on the Continent, in America, the East Indies, or in other parts of the world, where the advantage of receiving the stamped edition by post cannot be easily effected.

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE for 1825 is complete, price £1 7s. 6d. This Volume contains 846 closely-printed Quarto Pages—2538 Columns of Original and Critical Matter, being as much as Ten Large Octavo Volumes. The Literary Chronicle was established in 1819.

Any Person having any of the following numbers of *The Literary Chronicle* to spare, (16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 32, and 89,) will oblige the Publisher, by sending them to the Office in Surrey Street, where the full price will be given for them.

Determined foes as we are to every species of puffing, we very rarely speak of ourselves or our work, although we might fairly boast of increasing connections and a constantly augmenting sale of *The Literary Chronicle*; modern practice, however, laughs at a virtue we profess—modesty; and though we will not so far yield to it, as to follow the contagious and prevalent example of self praise, which, as the proverb says, is no commendation, yet we may be allowed, (without the charge of egotism,) to state what other persons say of us:—

The 'Philomathic Journal,' vol. iv. part 1, p. 209, gives a luminous article upon 'Weekly Periodicals,' and does *The Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review* the honour of placing it at the head of the whole. It remarks:—

'To do much in little space with any considerable effect, requires great tact, and this we

find constantly displayed in the columns of this "Weekly Review;" nor is it less distinguished for sound principles, liberal views, and an independent spirit. The "original" part of *The Literary Chronicle* is no less excellent than the review department. The subjects chosen are generally interesting, and handled with much ability; they are also agreeably diversified, and thus furnish a weekly repast of instruction and amusement, which cannot fail to be equally delightful and improving.

The author of 'Babylon the Great,' in an essay on literary publications, (vol. 1, p. 219,) makes the following observations:—"Censure can be assumed with a much closer imitation of truth than approbation can be: just in the same way that, in common life, the vices, follies, and oddities of men, are much more easily imitated than their virtues;" and, writing of *The Literary Chronicle*, he observes, that "as it is not so immediately under the control of individual booksellers, as *The Literary Gazette*, its opinions are more to be depended upon," adding, "at least I have never been able to trace in it the same vehemence of praise or censure, when there appeared not to be much ground either for the one or the other, * * * and thus, though its voice may be more honest, it is perhaps not so loud or so generally listened to," &c.

The 'Revue Encyclopédique,' published at Paris, in March, 1821, in noticing *The Literary Chronicle*, remarks:—"This journal, which has appeared some time, and from which we occasionally borrow articles, is entirely devoted to literature, and is ably edited."

The editor of the 'Dorset Chronicle,' in his paper of Sept. 15th last, after taking a severe retrospect of the Reviews of the present day, concludes as follows:—"Not a single unbiassed, impartial review can we point out, which issues from the London press, except *The Literary Chronicle*, which is ably conducted, and over which, it is our firm belief, the booksellers have not the least control."

Works just published.—Mill on Political Economy, 3rd edition, 8s.—Clendinning on the Effects of Cold, with a Sketch of the Russian Campaign, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Fosbrooke's Tourist's Grammar, and Epitome of Gilpin on the Picturesque, 7s.—History of the United States, 8vo. 12s.—Dutch Salmagundi, 4s.—Schrevelius' Lexicon, Greek and English, 8vo. 16s. 6d.—Botanical Sketches, 15s.—The Papal Power, 2 vols. 8vo. 20s.—Story of Isabel, 3 vols. 24s.—The Prefect, by E. Moxon, 4s. 6d.—Porquet's Traducteur Parisien, 6s. 6d.—Pol-whelm's Traditions and Recollections, 2 vols. 25s.—Sir Richard Phillips's Golden Rules of Social Philosophy, 10s. 6d.—Barton's Devotional Verses, 5s. 6d.

On Monday, January the 30th, will be published, by W. Jackson and Co. 195, (St. Clement's) Strand, **THE ADVENTURES of a SCHOOL-BOY.** One Vol. 12mo. price 4s. boards.

NEW PERIODICAL WORK FOR YOUNG PERSONS. Peculiarly adapted for Schools, Juvenile Libraries, &c. On the 1st February, 1826, will be published, No. 2, of an entirely original work, (to be continued monthly,) entitled

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Communications, post-paid, addressed to the Editor, No. 7, Hanover Street, will meet immediate attention. London: published by H. R. Thomas, Juvenile Library, No. 7, Hanover Street, Hanover Square; and sold by J. Sutherland, Edinburgh; W. R. M'Phun, Glasgow; Westley and Tyrrell, Dublin; to whom Communications may also be addressed.

No. XXVI.—Price 5s.

BUCKINGHAM'S ORIENTAL HERALD.

RAID, will be published on the 1st of February. This Work contains Original Essays and Reviews on all the popular topics of the day, in addition to the latest, fullest, and most accurate Intelligence respecting the Government and Affairs of the British Possessions in the East.

Published by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, London; and Archibald Constable and Co., Edinburgh. Sold by all Booksellers.

Just published by Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and sold by John Murray, Albemarle Street, London, in one vol. post 8vo. containing 550 closely-printed pages, 12s. boards.

JANUS; or, THE EDINBURGH LITERARY ALMANACK.

To be published annually. The publication of this Work has, from circumstances not likely to occur again, been deferred considerably beyond the time intended. In future years the volume will be produced in the first week of November. The Editor has the satisfaction to state, that he has received every assurance of steady and efficient assistance from the distinguished Literary Characters who have contributed to the present volume.

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